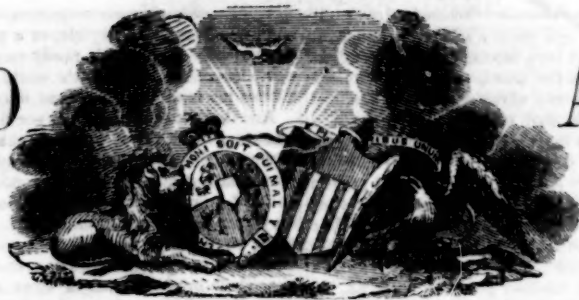


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THE CROWNED MOURNER.

[Michael Wisnioweki, a private citizen, who was elected King of Poland, is said to have wept when the crown was placed upon his head.]

The northern sun, in his noonday splendour,
Is shining on Vola's sacred field,
But sees not Jagellon's early grandeur,
Nor beams upon Sobieski's shield;
Yet still there are knightly lances gleaming,
And banners floating on Summer's air,
And the clang of the trumpets, loud proclaiming
That Poland hath chosen her monarch there.

Hark! to the voice of a nation, rending
The cloudless calm of the noontide now;
Hark! to the hymn, with the canon blending,
As they place the crown on their chosen's brow.
The best and the bravest bow before him,
With dauntless hearts and with matchless brands,
And the skies of his land bend brightly o'er him,
But sad and silent the Monarch stands.

Why is it thus? tho' his birth was lowly,
Nor Fame nor Fortune had smiled on him,
Yet the crown was won by no deeds that sully
Its splendour, nor make its radiance dim.
Whence spring the tears? for the great and glorious
Have sought that sceptre with prayer and vow,
And he without strife hath been victorious,
But what doth the crown'd one weep for now?

Ah! did some dream of the past awaken,
Even as that sunrise of Fortune shone
Of one true heart that the grave had taken,
Who might have sweetened and shared his throne?
Or found he the thorns beneath the glory,
When others saw but the circling gold;
Or did the Muse of his country's story
Some page of her future woes unfold?

There have been tears when the bride was leaving
Her mother's breast for a stranger's arms;
There have been tears when the nun was giving
To Heaven the flower of her maiden charms:
There hath been weeping, aye blent with laughter,
O'er sceptres shivered and thrones cast down;
But never before, nor ever after,
We saw it beneath a new-born crown!

March 15.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE FIGHT OF THE SACRED GROVE.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The affection entertained by the ancients for their domestic deities, Lares and Manes—spirits of their ancestors, hovering around the spot where their mortal lives had been spent, and solicitous for the welfare of their descendants—was not more marked than is, in the present day, the religious veneration paid by the Arabs to the tombs of their Sheiks. The apotheosis of a Christian has been generally an act of the church, but that of an Arab Sheik is the simple expression of the lively regard entertained by the tribe, during lifetime, for the piety, wisdom, and patriarchal virtues of their chief, and which, after his translation to the mysterious world of the dead, is made to assume the character of a positive sanctification.

The tombs of Sheiks, thus honoured, are scattered all over the land of Islamism. They are of all magnitudes, and of various forms. Great attention is paid to the picturesque in their position: hence sometimes they are planted on the conical tops of isolated hills, at others they advance to the point of tall cliffs beetling over the sea or river; sometimes they sparkle like lone white pillars on the desert, at others embosomed in groves, or shadowed, on the road-side, by one or two gigantic planes. In the Chaldean and Babylonian marshes they are, however, often but frail memorials to the dead, being frequently rude structures, built of reeds, and torn by each angry blast that sweeps across the wilderness of waters.

The veneration of the Arabs for these sepulchres of their holy men led to an unfortunate occurrence, during the navigation of the Euphrates, which was the cause of one of the few interruptions to the friendly intercourse that took place between the Arabs and ourselves, and which might easily have been avoided, had the fiery-tempered natives only announced their disapprobation of our proceedings, instead of having recourse once to violence. The steamer Euphrates had just traversed the Chaldean marshes. The banks of the river began to rise, and for the first time after a navigation of many miles, a clump of wood made its appearance, behind which was an Arab village, belonging to the Beni Hiyakim tribe. The grove was divided into two parts, between which was a quadrangular fort with mud walls, and the village was in the rear of the northerly grove; there was also an Arab fort of some magnitude on the opposite or right bank of the river, a little below. Totally unaware that this grove was in any way an object of veneration to the Arabs, the steamer, as usual, drew up alongside, and the men were sent into the wood, to replenish our stores of fuel.

As usual also on such occasions, I was glad to take my fowling-piece and to saunter in the grove, in search of birds, and other objects of natural history. I went to the southerly wood, the men having set to work in the one to the north. On few occasions did the jungle on the banks of the river present me with such

a profusion of game as did this little grove: the beautiful francolin, like our pheasant, only with a black ring round his neck, and without its tail, sprang up at almost every step; but my attention was called off by the number of wild animals, boars, jackals, and hyenas, which appeared to have congregated from all parts of the country in this isolated grove. Among these there appeared a large wolf, which did not skulk away out of shot, but stopped and stared at me, as if to dispute my progress. When I walked up to him, however, he trotted away about a hundred yards, and then stood still again. I was induced by this manœuvre, frequently repeated, and perhaps done to draw me from his young, to follow him out of the grove into the plain, and here I heard a distant hubbub, and saw the women and children flying from the village, and wending their way across the wilderness. It is difficult sometimes to account for the first thoughts that rush upon the mind, but mine were on the present occasion evidently tinged by what had just occurred—the number of wild animals that I had met with—and I imagined that a lion had come down upon the village, and so impressed was I with this idea, that I turned my steps immediately towards the flying multitude; but at that moment several shots were fired, and immediately afterwards the whizz of a rocket told me plainly that something more serious had happened. I accordingly now sought to make my way to the steamer, between which and myself was interposed the fort previously mentioned, and to reach which I must, unless I took a circuitous road back into the grove, pass close to the now hostile village. My feelings, however, upon the bad effect such a stealthy mode of progress would have upon the Arabs, did not allow me to have recourse to the first-mentioned alternative, so I walked—not fast—but as composedly as possible, towards the fort. As I approached, I passed within fifty yards of a group of armed Arabs, who were watching me, but who, probably averse to shedding the first blood, or from more honourable motives, did not, as they might easily have done, fire at me—a proceeding which would have been very unsatisfactory, although I was fully prepared to give them the contents of my two barrels in return.

I found the fort occupied by Lieutenant Murphy and Corporal Greenhill, who had been employed at the time of the quarrel in making astronomical observations, but who were now engaged in putting up a rocket-tube at the north-east angle, from whence the village was commanded. Standing before the wall, I now learnt the cause of the misunderstanding: it was sacred in the eyes of the tribe; and they had attacked the men who were profaning it, but happily had wounded none, although it was with difficulty that they had been enabled to regain the ship without bloodshed.

I stepped on board by the fore-part of the ship, where all was bustle and preparation. Touching my hat to the Colonel, I went aft, was soon below, got out my instruments, tourniquets, &c., in case of accidents, and then mounted again upon the quarter-deck. Almost everybody had gone forward, as that part of the ship was nearest the village, and only six sailors remained aft, and were busily engaged in getting the swivels of the starboard-side in readiness. All this time, the Arabs were concentrating in front of the village, whirling their muskets and hatchets above their heads, and careering round and round in their wild war-dance. They were joined every moment by others coming in from unseen directions; and on each new arrival, the dance was renewed with additional zeal, and the accompanying songs and shouts became more energetic. Their holy prophet, the sanctity of their sheiks, the beards of their fathers, the virtue of their mothers, and their own unconquered name, were cast in our teeth or invoked against us, who were also loaded with epithets most derogatory to our dignity. Two or three messages of peace had been sent in vain. More Arabs kept arriving, and many swam across the river, (which was here about four hundred yards wide,) both above and below us. A rocket was sent among one party, with whom was a led horse, and who had come down to the river banks not far above us. It did no harm, but rendered the horse unmanageable, and considerably damped the ardour of the men for swimming across.

The villagers were at this time firing occasional shots; but except a rocket or two discharged from the ship, and by Lieutenant Murphy from the fort, rather to intimidate than to hurt them, we had not attempted reprisals; the fires, however, were lighted, and the steam was getting up—a matter which generally took about twenty minutes. In the meantime, as a last resource, Colonel Chesney determined upon sending one of the interpreters, Sayid Ali with a flag of truce, offering that we would go away in peace, and make an apology and present for cutting the wood, if they would come to terms of amity, and also make an apology on their side for their furious attack upon the men, made without any previous explanations. The errand was not a very enviable one, for the Arabs of the Euphrates do not know much about flags of truce. They, however, respected Sayid Ali's white kerchief tied to a stick, although the interview produced no beneficial results. Like semi-savages, they mistook our forbearance for cowardice, and said we had fired horrible missiles without doing any harm, and that they would fight us, and exterminate us from the land.

Shortly after Sayid Ali's return, the Arabs ceased their dances, and advancing into the grove, each took up a position behind a tree or bush, from whence they kept up a sharp fire, with a better intention than execution—for none on our ship were hurt, and many of the balls were seen to fall short in the water—indeed, the only musket-ball that came to my knowledge on the quarter-deck, and that at an after period, passed between my nose and that of a sailor's in close proximity, and to whom I was lending a hand in bringing a swivel to bear upon the wood. It was sharper work forward; and I observed at one time Major (now Colonel) Estcourt reprimanding some of the novices on board for bobbing their heads.

The steam was, happily for us, by this time on; Lieutenant Murphy and the Corporal were on board, and Colonel Chesney being determined to give the Arabs some slight chastisement, the ship was, to their infinite wonder—for they had only seen her come down the river,—now propelled upwards, till she brought to immediately opposite the grove, from whence the firing was both sharp and fierce. A nine-pound carronade, which decorated our bows, was now dis-

charged, loaded with grape-shot, into the wood, and great was the fall of leaves and creaking of branches. The musketry ceased for a moment, and then began again; our swivels were then made to play upon the wood, and the cannonade once more vomited fire and grape amid the dense shrubbery. But Colonel Chesney had only intended giving them a single shot or so, and was annoyed at the activity displayed. It is not, however, to be wondered at, that one gun being fired, it should have been followed by others. The artillerymen and sailors who had been attacked in the grove were anxious for retaliation; even the natives who were on board were in a state of great excitement at our thus bearing to be fired at for more than half an hour without any reprisals. The Colonel, however, in the most humane spirit, ran from the fore-part of the ship to the quarter-deck, to command the firing to cease; but when he came aft, off went a gun forward—and when he went forward, another gun was fired aft, till his commands being positively heard through the noise, they were obeyed, and the firing ceased. It is remarkable how close the Arabs kept to their positions during this brief engagement. Except the short moment that I lent a hand to get the swivel round, I had stood peering over the bulwarks, looking out for an Arab as intently as I would have done for a rabbit; but with the exception of one or two men who limped away evidently wounded by the grape, I did not see even a hand the whole of the time. Their firing was, however, put an effectual stop to ere the ship's crew had been prevailed upon to leave off.

The steamer having turned her head round, now went her way down the stream. The walls of the fort on the right bank had been crowded with muskets and lances during the engagement, and exhibited so determined a hostile aspect, that we were in anticipation of a salute as we passed by; but the cannonading of the grove had been apparently not to their liking, and on our passage the walls were deserted.

On our further descent of the river, we visited the powerful Sheik of the Montefik Arabs, to whom the Beni Hiyakim were subject; and the opportunity was taken to represent how grieved the Colonel had been with this misunderstanding with the Arabs, and what a pity it was that the tribe had not sought for explanations instead of having had immediate recourse to violence; but the chieftain only laughed at the matter, and said he really did not know before that the Beni Hiyakim had been so warlike. He was, in fact, evidently delighted, and chuckled at the idea of their supposed valorous display.

Some time after this, on our re-ascent of the river, we passed by the sacred grove again. The tribe at first made some show of turning out to arms, but the bugle having sounded, they were appalled, and retired to their huts and tents, whither, after the ship had taken up a good position, Mr. Rassam went to pay them a visit. This he accomplished, and gave them a good lecture upon their folly. The women wept, and said they had lost three men of the tribe; but this may be suspected to have been an exaggeration, to excite our sympathies: so a present was made to them, and we remained friends afterwards.

PEOPLE WHO PAY DOUBLE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

NELSON, when he had but one arm to do battle with, had still two legs to stand to his colours on; so may honesty, with reduced means, with hundreds cut down to fifties—honesty, put as it were upon half-pay—be still seen upright, strong on its feet, and holding to its principle.

But how if bravery, when bereft of a limb, have to do double duty! How if honesty, when impoverished, be doomed to pay double!

Nothing more widely-spread than poverty; and nothing more narrowly judged of and understood. When we look at the poor—the paying poor, who breathe the free air of merry England just outside the workhouse gates—we recognise the chief necessity of their condition, in the duty to persevere, summer and winter, in a rigid and self-denying economy. But we rarely stop to note the working of a more cruel necessity in their lot—we do not mark that they are the victims to an incessant and inevitable extravagance.

We overlook the fact that the poor cannot economize. To possess too little, to pay too much, are the chief features of their destiny. To stint, to spare, to make hard shift, to feel that the half-farthing will be practically in countless bargains a saving coin to them—yet to be constantly, hopelessly, extravagant—this is the lot of the poor.

Our talk all the year round is of the cheapest markets. These are exactly the markets to which the poor can never repair.

"Act upon my plan," cried Fitz-cresus, thrusting his hands into his breeches-pockets; "everybody should do as I do. Come I'll let you into my secret. Always buy the best. If you want to save, buy the best of everything. It's the cheapest in the end."

Fitz-cresus is right; but then the poor are not "everybody." The poor, while they want to save, must buy the worst of everything—the dearest in the end. Their slenderness of means ever prevents them from securing a bargain. The price of the best, the cheapest in the end, obliges them to take the bad. With the most urgent necessity to economize, they are driven helplessly upon the improvident course. For the happy "end" they cannot wait; they must begin at once with what the deeply-skilled in the art of true cheapness wisely reject.

The only riches that fall in the way of the poor are rich maxims, dropping like diamond from the lip of the affluent.

"I buy three pair of boots at a time—they last four times as long as a single pair." "I always pay six-and-twenty for my hat—it lasts out half-a-dozen cheap ones."

And the poor mechanic, with his saved-up sixpences, and these gratuitous gems of economy jingling together in his ears, passes on unprofitably, to buy his country-made shoes, and his sieve-like gossamer. He had not half enough money to purchase the cheapest. He bids as little as he may for the dearest in the end—which end very soon arrives—next Sunday, if it should happen to rain!

The food which nourishes him not, the raiment which wears and washes away with ruinous rapidity, the poor man must be contented to secure—contented amidst his wants to be ever deepening them—contented to pay double, in virtue of the excess of his poverty. He knows his ill-fate, in this respect, but may not control it. Cheapness he esteems to be the peculiar, the enviable privilege of the rich.

But such as his purchases are, they are made at the lowest prices, nominally!—on what is called "advantageous terms!" Seldom. The little shopkeeper with whom he deals is obliged to get credit, and obliged to give it. The poor customer probably never possessed in all his days so much as a single week's wages in advance of the world's claims upon him. That scanty pittance, the receipt whereby gladdens his inmost soul on a Saturday, is not capital, but income. It is not often to be spent at his will, here or there; but to be paid in quarters where it is already due. He must repair to the same familiar shop, rub off the regular score, and be, as usual, re-supplied. He may see in another

window these more eligible, or a preferable style of pork; but his dealings are circumscribed—his little ready cash is bespoke. As the grand world boasts but one boot-maker, so his little world contains but one baker. He cannot always choose his mart even for dear bargains.

Are there no other drains, peculiar to the nature of poverty, upon his slender resources? Several. But we shall exhibit enough when we shew the tendency to waste, the unavoidable extravagance, of purchasing in every instance the very smallest quantities. The poor find out this hardness of their condition; but still unavailingly. They are obliged to watch for the turn of the scale, yet they lose some grains continually. Their provisions, if they could keep a little store, would improve in quality, and go further. Their half-ounce of something will serve but for one occasion, one meal; but could they have afforded to lay in a whole ounce, it might have served three times. Never by any turn in the course of fortune, can the cheapest way be open to the poor. Every road has a turnpike for them; and as others seem to do on Sundays only, they pay double every day.

The poor receive with one hand, but they pay with both. We observe them living "from hand to mouth;" but when the hand barely reaches the mouth, and the efforts and the strain grow greater day by day, we merely moralize on the evils of improvidence, and not on the impossibility of economizing, after the fashion of wealthier professors, who exult in "laying in a stock," and securing the "cheapest in the end."

To pay double, however, is not the exclusive affliction of the poor; nor is the attainment of cheapness the easy privilege of the rich. The man of wealth, like the man of need, must almost necessarily pay double. His wide-necked purse may distend or collapse at his will, but he must generally, against his will, pay double. He may choose his servants, and change his tradesmen; but there are invariably two to one against him; and the continual consequence is, the abominable double payment.

He pays the highest premium for confidential servants, who plunder him *cum privilegio*, and play the cankerworm *sub rosa*. He gives the best wages, that his trusty servitors may be beyond the reach of temptation; and they sell his wax-lights to his own chandler before they have burnt half way. This is surely burning the candle at both ends, or, in other words, paying double.

The only choice he has, is, not whether he will pay too much or enough, but whether the sum to be purloined from him shall be extracted from the right-hand pocket or the left. He may reduce his establishment, and keep but a single servant; yet a single servant is quite sufficient to make a man pay double. He may so watch the solitary extortioner, so cramp him in his sphere of action, so bind him down upon the rack of undeviating honesty, as to prevent all ordinary inroads upon his own pocket; but to do this, he must spend more in time than he can save in cash; more in labour than a statute-fair could relieve him from; more in health than his physician could restore him in fifty visits. It would be the very extravagance of economy. He would rob himself of his peace to save his purse. He would hang himself in a twelvemonth, through sheer anxiety to prevent another from incurring the penalty. He must keep his eye open in sleep, and receive his guests by the kitchen-fire. He must be prepared to die the death of a martyr every day he lived; which would be paying the debt of nature—oh! more than double.

But without rendering himself a slave to servants or tradesmen, the rich man may exercise an ordinary sagacity, and forestal the practiser of imposition, by striking off as an overcharge one half of the amount of every demand made upon him. Still, has he any security—granting that his deduction is assented to—that he is not agreeing even then to pay double?

"Five hundred is too much for the mare, Mr. Sharpe: two hundred and fifty is my maximum." "Ruinous!" returns Mr. Sharpe; "but I must trouble your lordship to draw the check." And the rich man still pays double.

Such is the tenour of every verse throughout the chapter. An individual is seldom so cunning as the world; and the world is ever lying in ambush near the rich man's pocket. If to counteract the effect of his losses, and to retort the aggressions which he cannot avoid, he sues his debtors, or squeezes his tenants without due secrecy and method, then the world pounces, not upon his pocket, but his reputation. He is damaged in character, ruined in temper, hurt a little perhaps in conscience—and thus, again, to avoid the evils of overcharge, he pays double in another way. The rich know that they are expected to pay, not at an *ad valorem* rate, but according "to their own honour and dignity;" which exactly doubles that of the class half-way down in the gulf of society.

Then it must be *this* class of persons, who seem to have just enough for their wants without a superabundance, by whom the penalty of paying double is felicitously avoided! We should judge hastily in so deciding. They have their debts, and difficulties, and consequently their double payments—like the notoriously rich and the notoriously poor. They borrow money at a hundred per cent., for the purpose, as they prettily phrase it, of settling with their creditors, and starting clear. They expect to receive cash in September, and therefore buy upon trust in spring what they could get at half-price with ready money in the autumn. They promise to pay, and really do pay—for the stamp on which the promise is written. Then follow law-expenses, and these soon leave mere double payments far in the distance. When the prison-door is double-locked upon them, they find that they have been paying both in money and repute—destroying their credit for probity, by actually giving forty shillings for a sovereign. If they can raise the wind high enough to blow them over the walls, they turn out to be rigid economists; and call a hackney-coach to drive to a cheap shop two miles off for a half-crown pair of gloves.

"Misfortunes never come single;" and if there be people, as some think there are, who deem the payment of debts a misfortune, they must of course pay double. We have heard of persons who pay beforehand, and who, being looked upon as the worst of paymasters, are made to pay again. This species of liquidator is fast dwindling away, and will soon be as extinct as Old Double himself, who died in the time of Shallow.

But Money (Heaven be praised!) is not the only substantial thing in this world of debtor and creditor. There is such an article as Love; but with the desperate determination of securing it, men, corrupted by habit in pecuniary affairs, will not scruple now and then to pay double—paying their addresses, that is to say, to two ladies at a time—or to one rapidly after the other. Then there is the social principle, which involves the paying of visits; and these are sometimes paid double, by guests who linger with the door in their hand an unconscionable time; promising, when they do go, to return speedily and spend a long day with you.

So, too, there are other purchases than those made in the cheap markets, which rich and poor have such difficulty in finding. Men buy fame and glory apparently at a marvellously cheap rate—by the mere expenditure of sixty years of their lives, or at the total cost of their domestic happiness and quiet. But when they have bought fame and glory, they find themselves imperatively obliged

to expend whatever may remain of liver or intellect, of worldly ease or moral energy, in protecting their purchases from the libeller, the detractor, the assassin. What a painful, what a sickening exhibition have we here, of the common lot—to pay double!

Self-love, no less than enmity, often enforces the double payment. The irascible and the obstinate, for example, inflict the evil upon themselves. The hasty unjust expression, at once recalled, seldom re-acts with fearful echoes in the breast of the utterer. But he has spoken it, and pride forbids him to retract; the summons to unsay it only irritates him to a fiercer extent; the consciousness that he is wrong galls him into a resolution to make bad worse; and the little word, the honourable admission, which frankly offered at first would have been received as an atonement, and have purchased him peace, deepens into the abject apology, a jury's verdict against a slanderer, or the dying groan of a duellist.

To obviate a gloomy ending, with our little essay needs not, we shall offer a simple suggestion. The surest way to prepare ourselves for a just and necessary resentment of injuries, is to cultivate a faith in kindness, and to yield to instincts of generosity. There is at least one situation in life, and it is by no means of rare occurrence to any man, in which with immense advantage to ourselves we may liquidate a debt as it were by double entry, and savingly discharge a claim twice over. Reader, as often as you may experience that invaluable blessing—a liberal and timely opportunity of returning a kindness—PAY DOUBLE.

HOWITT'S VISIT TO VIENNA, THE PARIS OF CENTRAL EUROPE.

The city is great and compact, that is, so far as it is included within the walls, while far around there is an immense circle built upon, called the Vorstädte, or suburbs, formed in segments radiating from the centre of the city, six-and-thirty in number. The city itself is still surrounded by its lofty walls and broad moat. Without this moat lies a broad open space, called the Glacis, consisting of plots of grass divided by walks and roads, and by lines of trees; without this green open circle commences the Vorstädte. These are interspersed with gardens, public walks, churches, palaces, and theatres, so that as you walk round the ramparts, now converted into a public promenade surrounding the whole city, you behold within the city a dense mass of noble, though narrow streets, immense piles of princely buildings, and a crowding, bustling population. On the other hand, that is, outwardly, you overlook, wherever you are, a more scattered, but wide-spread scene, as of an eastern city, with towers and domes, gardens and masses of trees, where the light-hearted people are collected to hear music, and render the heat tolerable with lemonade, sugar-water, ices, and such agreeable palliatives. The suburbs, in fact, form the much greater part of Vienna, of which the total population is now about half a million.

As you enter the streets of the city, you are surprised at the life and stir. Streams of well-dressed people are pouring along them; handsome carriages and equipages are seen driving as rapidly as in London; the shops present brilliant fronts; cafés in open places project their cool awnings, and set out their scores of chairs for luxurious smokers. All is motion, life, splendour, and crowds; and you feel for the first time since you left London, as if you were once more in a great capital. You are made sensible, too, how far east you have got, and in the chief city of what a variously compounded empire you are. Picturesque groups of foreigners are seated at the doors of various coffee-houses and hotels; and the throng in the streets is brightly variegated with the costumes of Turks, Albanians, Tyrolese, Jews, Wallachians, Hungarians, Armenians, and Italians. The fronts of the shops, painted with bright figures in fresco or in oil, as signs by which they are known, as inns are by theirs, add also to the gaiety of appearance. Many of these full-length figures are excellently executed, and would do great credit to a frame in a handsome house, besides that they present you strikingly with various costumes.

There is no capital in Europe of the same extent in which so much of what you want to visit, so many of the resorts of business or amusement, of literary or scientific institutions, are set down so near together. Palaces, theatres, houses of the nobility, libraries, collections of subjects of natural history, of arms, trophies, and jewellery, institutions for the education and assistance of its citizens, stand thickly all within a very moderate space. The finest collections of works of art and of armour, with some palaces of the nobility, it is true, lie in the suburbs; but the Imperial Palace, the University, the Arsenal, the Treasure Chamber, the principal theatres and churches, lie within the walls. Within the walls, too, reside the highest classes chiefly; and wherever you go, you obtain views of vast hotels of the nobles, built round courts, the splendour of which, in a great measure, is lost in the general view of the city, but which surprise you wherever you come upon them.

In point of paving, lighting, driving, and public vehicles, there is no German city which comes any thing near it. It is the only one, indeed, which gives you a feeling of style and thorough activity. The streets are admirably paved, which cannot be said of any other German city with which I am acquainted. They are paved with a hard stone, cut in regular cubes of six or eight inches. These are laid down in a masterly manner, so that the whole is firm, perfectly level, and without flaws and hollows. The worst of the streets is, that they have no side pavements for foot passengers,—an arrangement which leads to great inconvenience, as well as danger from carriages and horses. It also causes the chief places of resort to be in gardens or out of town.

The great place of evening out-of-door resort is the Volksgarten. This is nearly opposite to the imperial palace. As you issue from the gateway which passes under the palace itself, you have at some distance before you the new Burg Thor, a Doric gateway, supported on twelve massy pillars, and standing in a broad open space with striking effect. Right and left extend planted walks and gardens; beyond it are seen the lofty ranges of new buildings in the Vorstadt Joseph; gay equipages are driving to and fro; gay people walking; and the whole scene is lively and charming in no common degree. On your right lies the Volksgarten, an extensive pleasure scene, with groves and seats; a temple of Theseus, built after the model of that in Athens, and containing Canova's group of Theseus killing the Centaur. Here you see the people enjoying themselves to the utmost. Nurses are here with children; mothers amidst theirs; family groups are seated under the trees, the ladies knitting and chattering to their hearts' content; while others are roaming about, gazing on the noble figure of Theseus, or diving into the vaults beneath it, in which are preserved various relics of ancient art.

But within a space enclosed with a slight fence, stands the great centre of Viennese evening out-of-doors splendour and attraction. This is a café, built in a semicircle, with a musical orchestra in front. Here, in an evening, Strauss or Lanner, with a powerful band, is sure to be found several times in the week; and the gayest portion of the people of Vienna is assembled to hear, to see, to be seen. The rooms of the café are fronted with large plate-glass windows,

all looking towards the orchestra; and are splendidly fitted up, and offering coffee, ices, supper—what you will. Other tables are set out in front, and before them several rows of chairs along the whole semicircle, where are to be seen seated the most fashionable and lovely women of Vienna. The scene is indescribably gay and brilliant. The beauty of the spot, the taste and splendour of the buildings, the crowds of handsomely-dressed people listening to the finest strains of the most celebrated modern masters, under the broad and intensely blue sky, with the woody masses of the gardens in the foreground, through which you spy throngs of listening people, closed in umbrageously the charmed scene, or letting only glimpses of the long and lofty piles of the palace peep over them, to remind you that you are still within a few hundred yards of the crowding city, present altogether a spectacle of great happiness, taste, and fashion, such as would astonish our countrymen to come upon in St. James's Park or Kensington Gardens.

All this rational enjoyment is purchased for a few kreutzers, some threepence or fourpence, and can indeed be very well heard by the multitude in the outer portions of the garden; yet there is no rudeness; and the only thing which, in some degree, decreases the full enjoyment of the music, is the perpetual walking round the orchestra and in front of the café of a crowd, which, though its shuffle of feet and passing of heads between you and the orchestra might very well be dispensed with, yet makes up the advantage by presenting you with a great variety of figures, faces, and dresses, with no few bits of coquetry and flirtation. The concert commences about half-past six, and is over by about half-past nine.

On all holidays and Sundays, by railways and carriages of all sorts, they rush forth in thousands on thousands, to those charming retreats in the mountains of which I have spoken. To spread themselves through the quaint but beautiful gardens of Schönbrunn; to the splendid casino of Donnemeyer at Hitzing; to the baths of Baden, and the dinners eaten under orchard trees in the lovely valley of Helen; to climb into the forests, and amongst the ruined castles; to drive into the ravine of the Teufels Mühle, or the deepest shades of the woods of Grinzing. All these places have accommodations for their reception and refreshment; and there the swarming thousands of the city, with their families, find never-wearying enjoyment.

The space which we have been compelled to give to the amusements of Vienna, as its grand characteristic, need not, however, make us entirely overlook its wealth of art, and its many institutions and collections of various kinds, of the greatest value. The visitor will find abundant objects of interest to occupy his attention for months.

We quitted, as all travellers must, Vienna with great regret. Besides the immense number of things worthy of notice, the general spirit of the place is so gay and happy, that, however it may be to the constant resident, nothing to the temporary sojourner can be more agreeable. Every thing in the shape of amusement, the finest music and works of art, are on all hands offered to his attention; and in no part of the world are strangers received with more cordial kindness. In your inn, in public places, in private society, you feel the same spirit. Our hotel, the Golden Lamb, in the Vorstadt Leopold, a most convenient situation for all purposes, was, without exception, one of the most excellent and pleasant houses that we ever were in. The private rooms were airy, clean, and handsomely furnished; the chambermaids, waiters, the landlord, all seemed inspired with one desire to make your abode there agreeable; and a constant assemblage of intelligent and very friendly people, often in whole family parties, from various quarters of the world, at the generous table, made the sojourn there more like a visit in some wealthy house where foreigners are accustomed to meet, than at an inn.

In public vehicles, nay, even sitting on a public seat, you find the same friendly and unrepulsive disposition amongst the very best classes; and we found it enough to be respectable English, often in this very manner, to begin an acquaintance of the most charming kind. Surely this could occur in no other capital in the world. The English language here, as in Hungary, is studied by the young with avidity. English literature is extensively read; and it is a real pleasure to the refined classes to converse with you on England and its society, arts, and books.

The ideas, too, which we cherish at home, that Austria is a gloomy and severe despotism, that you cannot move without a spy or policeman at your elbow, disappear here entirely. In no city do you see so little palpable evidence of surveillance and police as in this. You are, after delivering your passport, as free and unshackled in your motions as in London; and if you do not go out of your way to assail the government, the government will not interfere with you. The whole of this is, however, the result of a sagacious and worldly-wise political system. Every thing is planned and calculated to divert the thoughts of the people from political matters. For this purpose, public and social pleasures are promoted. If poverty cannot wholly be prevented—for the state has a large debt, and pauperism in 1836 was stated to be in proportion of about four persons in the hundred—yet distress is alleviated; and in no country do you see less symptoms of it. The grand principle of despotic government is, indeed, and must be, to maintain its people in comfort, without which no government could long be popular. Austria, therefore, educates, and was amongst the first nations of Europe to educate its people, so far as is necessary to the conduct of human affairs. The administration of justice is cheap. Law, unlike what it is with us, is within the reach of every man's purse: if not, the poorest man can seek justice from the highest quarters. Even the emperor devotes one day every week to the personal hearing of any complaints that individuals, however humble, desire to lay before him. What would be thought of such a paternal practice in our own monarch? Thus, even despotism has its sunny side. If a people can be content to leave the management of political affairs entirely in the hands of the government, and to eat, drink, and be merry, going through the world in great bodily comfort, Austria is an evidence that they may do this in the highest degree. Compared with the frightful and wholesale distress of our own country, Austria is a paradise. Nowhere in the world can such frightful masses of misery be found as in our manufacturing districts; and well may the Austrian ask us, what good does our liberty of speech do those who purchase it at such a cost?

LEAP-YEAR.—A TALE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

In the summer of 1838, in the pleasant little county of Huntingdon, and under the shade of some noble elms which form the pride of Lipscombe Park, two young men might have been seen reclining. The thick, and towering, and far-spreading branches under which they lay, effectually protected them from a July sun, which threw its scorching brilliancy over the whole landscape before them. They seemed to enjoy to the full that delightful retired openness which an English park affords, and that easy effortless communion which only old companionship can give. They were, in fact, fellow collegians. The one,

Reginald Darcy by name, was a ward of Mr. Sherwood, the wealthy proprietor of Lipscombe Park; the other, his friend, Charles Griffith, was passing a few days with him in this agreeable retreat. They had spent the greater part of the morning strolling through the park, making short journeys from one clump of trees to another, and traversing just so much of the open sunny space which lay exposed to all the "bright severity of noon," as gave fresh value to the shade, and renewed the luxury of repose.

"At all events," said Griffith, "give me leave to say that I admire Miss Sherwood, and that I shall think it a crying shame if so beautiful and intelligent a girl is suffered to fall into the clutches of this stupid baronet who is laying siege to her—this pompous, empty-headed Sir Frederic Beaumantle."

"Sir Frederic Beaumantle," said Darcy, with some remains of humour, "may be all you describe him, but he is very rich, and, mark me, he will win the lady. Old Sherwood suspects him for a fool, but his extensive estates are unincumbered—he will approve his suit. His daughter makes him a constant laughing-stock, she is perpetually ridiculing his presumption and his vanity; but she will end by marrying the rich baronet. It will be in the usual course of things; society will expect it; and it is so safe, so prudent, to do what society expects. Let wealth wed with wealth. It is quite right. I would never advise any man to marry a woman much richer than himself, so as to be indebted to her for his position in society. It is useless to say, or to feel, that her wealth was not the object of your suit. But come, our host is punctual to his dinner hour, and if we journey back at the same pace we have travelled here, we shall not have much time upon our hands." And accordingly the two friends set themselves in motion to return to the house.

Left an orphan at an early age, and placed by the will of his father under the guardianship of Mr. Sherwood, Darcy had found in the residence of that gentleman a home during the holidays when a schoolboy, and during the vacation when a collegian. Having lately taken his degree at Cambridge, with high honours, which he had been strenuously contested for, and purchased by severe labour, he was now recruiting his health, and enjoying a season of well-earned leisure under his guardian's roof. As Mr. Sherwood was old and gouty, and confined much to his room, it fell on him to escort Emily in her rides or walks. She whom he had known, and been so often delighted with, as his playmate, had grown into the young and lovely woman. Briefly, our Darcy was a lost man—gone—head and heart. But then—she was the only daughter of Mr. Sherwood, she was a wealthy heiress—he was comparatively poor. Her father had been to him the kindest of guardians; ought he to repay that kindness by destroying, perhaps, his proudest schemes? Ought he, a man of fitting and becoming pride, to put himself in the equivocal position which the poor suitor of a wealthy heiress must inevitably occupy? "He invites me," he would say to himself, "he presses me to stay here, week after week, and month after month, because the idea that I should seek to carry away his daughter never enters into his head. And she—she is so frank, so gay, so amiable, and almost fond, because she has never recognized, with the companion of her childhood, the possibility of such a thing as marriage. There is but one part for me—silence, strict, unbroken silence!"

It was not her beauty, remarkable as this was—it was not her brightest of blue eyes, nor her fairest of complexions, nor those rich luxuriant tresses—that formed the greatest charm in Emily Sherwood. It was the delightful combination she displayed of a cheerful vivacious temper with generous and ardent feelings. She was as light and playful as one of the fawns in her own park, but her heart responded also to every noble and disinterested sentiment; and the poet who sought a listener for some lofty or tender strain, would have found the spirit that he wanted in the gay and mirth-loving Emily Sherwood.

Poor Darcy! he would sit, or walk by her side, talking of this or that, no matter what, always happy in her presence, passing the most delicious hours, but not venturing to betray, by word or look, how very content he was. For these hours of stolen happiness he knew how severe a penalty he must pay: he knew and braved it. And in our poor judgment he was right. Let the secret, stealthy, unrequited lover enjoy to the full the presence, the smiles, the bland and cheerful society of her whom his heart is silently worshipping. Even this shall in future hours be a sweet remembrance. By and by, it is true, there will come a season of poignant affliction. But better all this than one uniform, perpetual torpor. He will have felt that mortal man may breathe the air of happiness; he will have learned something of the human heart that lies within him.

But all this love—was it seen—was it returned—by her who had inspired it? Both, both. He thought, wise youth! that while he was swallowing poison, no one perceived the deep intoxication he was revelling in. Just as wily some veritable toper, by putting on a grave and demure countenance, cheats himself into the belief that he conceals from every eye that delectable and irresistible confusion in which his brain is swimming. His love was seen. How could it be otherwise? That instantaneous, that complete delight which he felt when she joined him in his rambles, or came to sit with him in the library, could not be disguised nor mistaken. He was a scholar, a reader and lover of books, but let the book be what it might which he held in his hand, it was abandoned, closed, pitched aside, the moment she entered. There was no stolen glance at the page left still open; nor was the place kept marked by the tenacious finger and thumb. If her voice were heard on the terrace, or in the garden—if her laugh—so light, merry, and musical, reached his ear—there was no question or debate whether he should go or stay, but down the stairs, or through the avenues of the garden—he sprang—he ran;—only a little before he came in sight he would assume something of the gravity becoming in a senior wrangler, or try to look as if he came there by chance. His love was seen, and not with indifference. But what could the damsel do? How presume to know of an attachment until in due form certified thereof? If a youth will adhere to an obstinate silence, what, we repeat, can a damsel do but leave him to his fate, and listen to some other, who, if he loves less, at least knows how to avow his love?

We left the two friends proceeding towards the mansion; we enter before them, and introduce our readers into the drawing-room. Here, in a spacious and shaded apartment, made cool, as well by the massive walls of the noble edifice as by the open and protected windows, whose broad balcony was blooming with the most beautiful and fragrant of plants, sat Emily Sherwood. At the same round table, which was covered with vases of flowers, and with books as gay as flowers, was seated another young lady, Miss Julia Danvers, a friend who had arrived in the course of the morning on a visit to Lipscombe Park. The young ladies seemed to have been in deep consultation.

"I can never thank you sufficiently," said Miss Danvers, "for your kindness in this affair."

"Indeed but you can very soon thank me much more than sufficiently," replied her more lively companion, "for there are few things in the world I dislike so much as thanks. And yet there is one cause of thankfulness you have,

and know not of. Here have I listened to your troubles, as you call them, for more than two hours, and never once told you any of my own. Troubles! you are, in my estimation, a very happy, enviable girl."

"Do you think it then so great a happiness to be obliged to take refuge from an absurd selfish stepmother, in order to get by stealth one's own lawful way?"

"One's own way is always lawful, my dear. No tautology. But you have it—while I"—

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Julia, dear—now do not laugh—I have a lover that *won't speak*. I have another, or one who calls himself such, who has spoken, or whose wealth, I fear, has spoken, to some purpose—to my father."

"And you would open the mouth of the dumb, and stop the mouth of the foolish?"

"Exactly."

"Who are they? And first, to proceed by due climax, who is he whose mouth is to be closed?"

"A baronet of these parts, Sir Frederick Beaumantle. A vain, vain, vain, man. It would be a waste of good words to spend another epithet upon him, for he is all vanity. All his virtues, all his vices, all his actions, good, bad, and indifferent, are nothing but vanity. He praises you from vanity, abuses you from vanity, loves and hates you from vanity. He is vain of his person, of his wealth, of his birth, of his title, vain of all he has, and all he has not. He sets so great a value on his innumerable and superlative good qualities, that he really has not been able (until he met with your humble servant) to find any individual of our sex on whom he could, conscientiously bestow so great a treasure as his own right hand must inevitably give way. This has been the only reason—he tells me so himself—why he has remained unmarried; for he has rounded the arch, and is going down the bridge. To take his own account of this delicate matter, he is fluctuating, with an uneasy motion, to and fro, between forty and forty-five."

"Old enough, I doubt not, to be your father. How can he venture on such a frolicsome young thing as you?"

"I asked him that question myself one day; and he told me, with a most complacent smile, that I should be the perfect compendium of matrimony—he should have wife and child in one."

"The old coxcomb! And yet there was a sort of providence in that,—Now, who is he whose mouth is to be opened?"

"Oh—he!—can't you guess?"

"Your cousin Reginald, as you used to call him—though cousin I believe he is none—this learned wrangler?"

"The same. Trust me he loves me to the bottom of his heart; but because his little cousin is a great heiress, he thinks it fit to be very proud, and give me over—many thanks to him—to this rich baronet. But here he comes."

As she spoke, Darcy and Griffith entered the room.

"We have been canvassing," said Emily, after the usual form of introduction had been gone through, "the merits of our friend, Sir Frederick Beaumantle. By the way, Reginald, he dines here to-day, and so will another gentleman, whom I shall be happy to introduce to you, Captain Garland, an esteemed friend of mine and Miss Danvers."

"Sir Frederic seems," said Griffith, by way merely of taking part in the conversation, "at all events, a very good-natured man. I have seen him but once, and he has already promised to use all his influence in my behalf, in whatever profession I may embark. If medicine, I am to have half-a-dozen dowers, always ailing and never ill, put under my charge the moment I can add M. D. to my name; not to speak of certain mysterious hints of an introduction at court, and an appointment of physician extraordinary to Her Majesty. I suppose I may depend upon Sir Frederic's promises?"

"Oh, certainly," said Miss Sherwood, "you may depend upon Sir Frederic Beaumantle's promises; they will never fail; they are inexhaustible."

"The fool!" said Darcy with impatience, "I could forgive him any thing but that ridiculous ostentation he has of patronizing men, who, but they have more politeness than himself, would throw back his promises with open derision."

"Reginald," said Miss Sherwood, "is always forgiving Sir Frederic every fault but one. But then that one fault changes every day. Last time he would pardon him every thing except the fulsome engorgement he is in the habit of bestowing upon his friends, even to their faces. You must know, Mr. Griffith, that Sir Frederic is a most liberal chapman in this commodity of praise: he will give any man a bushel-full of compliments who will send him back the measure only half filled. Nay, if there are but a few cherries clinging to the wicker-work he is not wholly dissatisfied."

"What he gives he knows is trash," said Darcy; "what he receives he always flatters himself to be true coin. But indeed Sir Frederic is somewhat more just in his dealings than you, perhaps imagine. If he bestows excessive laudation on a friend in one company, he takes it all back again in the very next he enters."

"And still his amiability shines through all; for he abuses the absent friend only to gratify the self-love of those who are present."

The door opened as Miss Sherwood gave this *coup-de-grace* to the character of the baronet, and Sir Frederic Beaumantle was announced, and immediately afterwards, Captain Garland.

Miss Sherwood, somewhat to the surprise of Darcy, who was not aware that any such intimacy subsisted between them, received Captain Garland with all the cordiality of an old acquaintance. On the other hand she introduced the baronet to Miss Danvers with that slight by emphatic manner which intimates that the parties may entertain a "high consideration" for each other.

After a few days, it became evident to all the household at Lipscombe Park that a new claimant for the hand of Miss Sherwood had appeared in the person of Captain Garland. The captain did not reside in the house, but on the pretence of a very strong passion for trout-fishing he had taken up his quarters in apartments within a most convenient distance of the scene of operations. It was not forgotten that, at the very time he made his appearance, Miss Danvers also arrived at the Park, and between these parties there was suspected to be some secret understanding. It seemed as if our military suitor had resolved to assail the fort from within as well as from without, and therefore had brought down with him this fair ally. Nothing better than such a fair ally. She could not only chant his praises when absent, (and there is much in that,) but she could so manoeuvre as to procure for the captain many a *tête-à-tête*, which otherwise would not fall to his share. Especially, (and this task she appeared to accomplish most adroitly,) she could engage to herself the attentions of his professed and redoubtable rival, Sir Frederic Beaumantle. In fifty ways she could assist in betraying the citadel from within, whilst he stood storming at the gates

in open and most magnanimous warfare. Darcy was not slower than others to suspect the stratagem, and he thought he saw symptoms of its success. His friend Griffith now left him; he had no dispassionate observer to consult, and his own desponding passion led him to conclude whatever was most unfavourable to himself. Certainly there was a confidential manner between Miss Sherwood and these close allies, which seemed to justify the suspicion alluded to. More than once, when he had joined Miss Sherwood and the captain, the unpleasant discovery had been forced upon him, by the sudden pause in their conversation, that he was the *one too many*.

But jealousy? Oh, no! What had he to do with jealousy? For his part, he was quite delighted with this new attachment—quite delighted; it would set at rest for ever the painful controversy so often agitated in his own breast. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that he felt the rivalry of Captain Garland in a very different manner from that of Sir Frederic Beaumantle. The baronet, by virtue of his wealth alone, would obtain success; and he felt a sort of bitter satisfaction in yielding Emily to her opulent suitor. She might marry, but she could not love him; she might be thinking of another, perhaps of her cousin Reginald, even while she gave her hand to him at the altar. But if the gallant captain, whose handsome person, and frank and gentlemanly manners, formed his chief recommendation, were to be the happy man, then must her affections have been won, and Emily was lost to him utterly. And then—with the usual logic of the passions, and forgetting the part of silence and disguise that he had played—he taxed her with levity and unkindness in so soon preferring the captain to himself. That Emily should so soon have linked herself with a comparative stranger! It was not what he should have expected. "At all events," he would thus conclude his soliloquy, "I am henceforward free—free from her bondage and from all internal struggle. Yes! I am free!" he exclaimed, as he paced his room triumphantly. The light voice of Emily was heard calling on him to accompany her in a walk. He started, he flew. His freedom, we suppose, gave him wings, for he was at her side in a moment.

Reginald had intended, on the first opportunity, to rally his cousin upon her sudden attachment to the captain, but his tongue absolutely refused the office. He could not utter a word of banter on the subject. His heart was too full.

On this occasion as they returned from their walk through the park, there happened one of those incidents which have so often, at least in novels and story-books, brought about the happiness of lovers, but which in the present instance served only to bring into play the most painful feelings of both parties.

A prize-fight had taken place in the neighbourhood, and one of the numerous visitors of that truly noble exhibition, who, in order to do honour to the day, had deprived Smithfield market of the light of his countenance, was returning across the park from the scene of combat, accompanied by his bull-dog. The dog, who doubtless knew that his master was a trespasser, and considered it the better policy to assume at once the offensive, flew at the party whom he saw approaching. Emily was a little in advance. Darcy rushed forward to plant himself between her and this ferocious assailant. He had no weapon of defence of any kind, and, to say truth, he had at that moment no idea of defending himself, or any distinct notion whatever of combating his antagonist. The only reflection that occurred to his mind was, that if the animal satiated its fury upon him, his companion would be safe. A strong leg and a stout boot might have done something; Darcy stooping down, put the fleshy part of his own arm fairly into the bulldog's jaws; assured that, at all events, it could not bite two persons at the same time, and that, if its teeth were buried in his own arm, they could not be engaged in lacerating Emily Sherwood. It is the well-known nature of the bulldog to fasten where it once bites, and the brute pinned Darcy to the ground until its owner, arriving on the spot, extracted him from his very painful position.

In this encounter, our senior wrangler probably showed himself very unskilful and deficient in the combat with wild beasts, but no conduct could have displayed a more engrossing anxiety for the safety of his fair companion. Most men would have been willing to reap advantage from the grateful sentiment which such a conduct must inspire; Darcy, on the contrary, seemed to have no other wish than to disclaim all title to such a sentiment. He would not endure that the incident should be spoken of with the least gravity or seriousness.

"I pray you," said he "do not mention this silly business again. What I did, every living man who had found himself by your side would have done, and most men in a far more dexterous manner. And, indeed, if instead of yourself, the merest stranger—the poorest creature in the parish, man, woman, or child, had been in your predicament, I think I should have done the same."

"I know you would, Reginald. I believe," said Emily, "that if the merest idiot had been threatened with the danger that threatened me, you would have interposed, and received the attack yourself. And it is because I believe this of you, Reginald."

Something apparently impeded her utterance, for the sentence was left unfinished.

"For this wound," resumed Darcy, after a pause, and observing that Emily's eye was resting on his arm, "it is really nothing more than a just penalty for my own want of address in this notable combat. You should have had the captain with you," he added; "he would have defended you quite as zealously, and with ten times the skill."

Emily made no answer: and they walked on in silence till they entered the Hall. Reginald felt that he had been ungracious; but he knew not how to retrieve his position. Just before they parted Emily resuming, in some measure, her natural cheerful manner, turned to her companion and said—"Years ago, when you were cousin Reginald, and condescended to be my playfellow, the greatest services you rendered were to throw me occasionally out of the swing, or frighten me till I screamed by putting my pony into a most unmerciful trot; but you were so kind in the making up, that I liked you better afterwards. Now, when you preserve me, at your own hazard, from a very serious injury—you do it in so surly a manner—I wish the dog had bitten me!" And with this she left him and tripped up stairs.

If Darcy could have followed her into her own room, he would have seen her throw herself into an arm-chair, and burst into a flood of tears.

Miss Danvers, it has been said, (from whatever motive her conduct proceeded, whether from any interest of her own, or merely a desire to serve the interest of her friend, Captain Garland,) showed a disposition to engross the attentions of Sir Frederic Beaumantle as often as he made his appearance at Lipscombe Park. Now, as that lady was undoubtedly of good family, and possessed of considerable fortune, the baronet was not a little flattered by the interest which a person who had these excellent qualifications for a judge, manifestly took in his conversation. In an equal degree was his dignity offended at the preference shown by Miss Sherwood for Captain Garland, a man, as he said, but of yesterday, and not in any one point of view to be put in comparison with himself. He almost

resolved to punish her levity by withdrawing his suit. The graver manner, and somewhat more mature age of Miss Danvers were also qualities which he was obliged to confess were somewhat in her favour.

The result of all this was, that one fine morning Sir Frederic Beaumantle might have been seen walking to and fro in his own park, with a troubled step, bearing in his hand a letter—most elaborately penned—carefully written out—sealed—but not directed. It was an explicit declaration of his love, a solemn offer of his hand; it was only not quite determined to whom it should be sent. As the letter contained very little that referred to the lady, and consisted almost entirely of an account, not at all disparaging, of himself and his own good qualities, it was easy for him to proceed thus far upon the his delicate negotiation, although the main question—to whom the letter was addressed—was not yet decided. This letter had indeed been a labour of love. It was as little written for Miss Sherwood as for Miss Danvers. It was composed for the occasion whenever that might arise; and these ten years past it had been lying in his desk, receiving from time to time fresh touches and emendations. The necessity of making use of this epistle, which had now attained a state of painful perfection, we venture to say had some share in impelling him into matrimony.

But we must leave our baronet with his letter in his hand, gazing profoundly and anxiously on the blank left for the superscription, and must follow the perplexities of Reginald Darcy.

That good understanding which apparently existed between Emily and Captain Garland seemed rather to increase than to diminish after the little adventure we recorded in the last chapter. It appeared that Miss Sherwood had taken Darcy at his word, and resolved not to think any more kindly of him for his conduct on that occasion. The captain was plainly in the ascendant. It even appeared, from certain arrangements that were in stealthy preparation, that the happiness of the gallant lovers would not long be delayed. Messages of a very suspicious purport had passed between the Park and the vicarage. The clerk of the parish had been seen several times at Lipscombe. There was something in the wind, as the sagacious housekeeper observed; surely her young missus was not going to be married on the sly to the captain! The same thought, however, occurred to Darcy. Was it to escape the suit of Sir Frederic Beaumantle, which had been in some measure countenanced by her father, that she had recourse to this stratagem!—hardly worthy of her, and quite unnecessary, as she possessed sufficient influence with her father to obtain his consent to any proposal she herself was likely to approve. Had not the state of his own feelings made him too interested a party to act as counsellor or mediator, he would at once have questioned Emily on the subject. At it was, his lips were closed. She herself, too, seemed resolved to make no communication to him. The captain, a man of frank and open nature, was far more disposed to reveal his secret: he was once on the point of speaking to Darcy about his "approaching marriage;" but Emily, laying her finger on her lip, suddenly imposed silence on him.

One morning as Darcy entered the breakfast-room, it was evident that something unusual was about to take place. The carriage, at this early hour, was drawn up to the door and the two young ladies, both dressed in bridal white were stepping into it. Before they drove off, Miss Sherwood beckoned to, Darcy.

"I have not invited you," she said, "to the ceremony, because Captain Garland has wished it private as possible. But we shall expect your company at breakfast, for which you must even have the patience to wait till we return." Without giving any opportunity for reply, she drew up the glass, and the carriage rolled off.

However Darcy might have hitherto borne himself up by a gloomy sense of duty, by pride, and a bitter—oh, what bitter resignation!—when the blow came it utterly prostrated him. "She is gone!—lost!—Fool that I have been!—What was this man more than I?" Stung with such reflections as these which were uttered in such broken sentences, he rapidly retreated to the library where he knew that he should be undisturbed. He threw himself into a chair and planting his elbows on the table, pressed with double fists, with convulsive agony, to his brows. All his fortitude had forsaken him: he wept outright.

From this posture he was at length aroused by a gentle pressure on his shoulder, and a voice calling him by his name. He raised his head; it was Emily Sherwood, enquiring of him, quite calmly, why he was not at the breakfast-table. There she stood, radiant with beauty, and in all her bridal attire, except that she had thrown off her bonnet, and her beautiful hair was allowed to be free and unconfined. Her hand was still upon his shoulder.

"You are married, Emily," he said, as well as that horrible stifling sensation in the breast would let him speak; "you are married, and I must be for evermore a banished man. I leave you, Emily, and this roof, for ever. I pronounce my own sentence of exile, for I love you, Emily!—and ever shall—passionately—tenderly—love you. Surely I may say this now—now that it is a mere cry of anguish, and a misery exclusively my own. Never, never—I feel that this is no idle raving—shall I love another—never will this affection leave me—I shall never have a home—never care for another—or myself—I am alone—a wanderer—miserable. Farewell! I go—I know not exactly where—but I leave this place."

He was preparing to quit the room, when Emily, placing herself before him, prevented him. "And why," said she, "if you honoured me with this affection, why was I not to know of it till now?"

"Can the heiress of Lipscombe Park ask that question?" "Ungenerous! unjust!" said Emily. "Tell me, if one who can himself feel and act nobly, denies to another the capability of a like disinterested conduct—denies it rashly, pertinaciously, without cause given for such a judgment—is he not ungenerous and unjust?"

"To whom have I acted thus? To whom have I been ungenerous or unjust?"

"To me, Reginald—to me! I am wealthy, and for this reason alone you have denied to me, it seems, the possession of every worthy sentiment. She has gold, you have said, let her gold content her, and you withheld your love. She will make much boast, and make a burdensome obligation, if she bestows her superfluous wealth upon another: you resolved not to give her the opportunity, and you withheld your love. She has gold—she has no heart—no old affections that have grown from childhood—no estimate of character: she has wealth—let her gratify its vanity and its caprice; and so you withheld your love. Yes, she has gold—let her have more of it—let her wed with gold—with any gilded fool—she has no need of love! This is what you have thought, what your conduct has implied, and it was ungenerous and unjust."

"No, by heaven! I never thought unworthily of you," exclaimed Darcy.

"Had you been the wealthy cousin, Reginald, of wealth so ample, that an addition to it could scarcely bring an additional pleasure, would you have left your old friend Emily to look out for some opulent alliance?"

"Oh, no! no!"

"Then, why should I?"

"I may have erred," said Darcy. "I may have thought too meanly of myself, or nourished a misplaced pride, but I never had a disparaging thought of you. It seemed that I was right—that I was fulfilling a severe—oh, how severe a duty! Even now I know not that I was wrong—I know only that I am miserable. But," added he, in a calmer voice, "I, at all events, am the only sufferer. You, at least, are happy."

"Not, I think, if marriage is to make me so. I am not married, Reginald," she said, amidst a confusion of smiles and blushes. "Captain Garland was married this morning to Miss Julia Danvers, to whom he has been long engaged, but a silly selfish stepmother!"

"Not married!" cried Darcy, interrupting all further explanation. "Not married! Then you are free—then you are!" But the old train of thought rushed back upon his mind—the old objections were as strong as ever—Miss Sherwood was still the daughter of his guardian, and the heiress of Lipcombe Park. Instead of completing the sentence, he paused, and muttered something about "her father."

Emily saw the cloud that had come over him. Dropping playfully, and most gracefully, upon one knee, she took his hand, and looking up archly in his face, said, "You love me, coz—you have said it. Coz, will you marry me?—for I love you."

"Generous, generous girl!" and he clasped her to his bosom.

"Let us go in," said Emily, in a quite altered and tremulous voice, "let us join them in the other room." And as she put her arm in his, the little pressure said distinctly and triumphantly—"He is mine!—he is mine!"

We must take a parting glance into old Mr. Sherwood's room. He is seated in his gouty chair; his daughter stands by his side. Apparently Emily's reasonings have almost prevailed; she has almost persuaded the old gentleman that Darcy is the very son-in-law whom, above all others, he ought to desire. For how could Emily leave her dear father, and how could he domicile himself with any other husband she could choose, half so well as with his own ward, and his old favourite, Reginald?

"But Sir Frederic Beaumantle," the old gentleman replied, "what is to be said to him? and what a fine property he has!"

As he was speaking, the door opened, and the party from the breakfast-table, consisting of Captain Garland, and his bride, and Reginald, entered the room.

"Oh, as for Sir Frederic Beaumantle," said she who was formerly Miss Danvers, and now Mrs. Garland, "I claim him as mine." And forthwith she displayed the famous declaration of the baronet—addressed to herself!

Their mirth had scarcely subsided, when the writer of the letter himself made his appearance. He had called early, for he had concluded, after much deliberation, that it was not consistent with the ardour and impetuosity of love, to wait till the formal hour of visiting, in order to receive the answer of Miss Danvers.

That answer the lady at once gave by presenting Captain Garland to him in the character of her husband. At the same time, she returned his epistle, and, explaining the circumstances that had compelled the captain and herself to marry in a private and secret manner, apologized for the mistake into which the concealment of their engagement had led him.

"A mistake indeed—a mistake altogether!" exclaimed the baronet, catching at a straw as he fell—"a mistake into which this absurd fashion of envelopes has led us. The letter was never intended madam, to be enclosed to you. It was designed for the hands!"

And he turned to Miss Sherwood, who, on her part, took the arm of Reginald with a significance of manner which proved to him that, for the present at least, his declaration of love might return into his own desk, there to receive still further emendations.

"No wonder, Sir Frederic," said Mr. Sherwood, compassionating the baronet's situation—"no wonder your proposal is not wanted. These young ladies have taken their affairs into their own hands. It is *Leap-Year*. One of them, at least, (looking to his daughter,) has made good use of its privilege. The initiative, Sir Frederic, is taken from us."

The baronet had nothing left but to make his politest bow and retire.

"Reginald, my dear boy," continued the old gentleman, "give me your hand. Emily is right. I don't know how I should part with her. I will only make this bargain with you, Reginald—that you marry us both. You must not turn me out of doors."

Reginald returned the pressure of his hand, but he could say nothing. Mr. Sherwood, however, saw his answer in eyes that were filling involuntarily with tears.

LADY SALE'S JOURNAL.

(Second Notice.)

Lady Sale is the Grace Darling of the day, and her Journal has already been read by many thousands of her admiring countrymen. It would be a waste of time, therefore, were we to enlarge upon its contents; and we shall best consult the taste of those who may not have had access to the original, by briefly quoting such passages as seem to us to possess the greatest novelty and interest.

The retreat from Cabul is described, and the particulars agree with former accounts; and then follows the more peculiar and interesting details of the captivity of parties who surrendered to the treacherous Akbar Khan. They were marched towards the Lughman valley and imprisoned at Buddabad; thence to Tèzeen, and again to the Loghar country and Bamean, and finally rescued from their dangerous position by the victorious advance of the British army, under General Pollock.* Our first extracts paint some of the horrors to which our countrywomen were subjected on the retreat.

"After passing through some very sharp firing, we came upon Major Thain's horse, which had been shot through the loins. When we were supposed to be in comparative safety, poor Sturt rode back (to see after Thain, I believe), his horse was shot under him, and before he could rise from the ground he received a severe wound in the abdomen. It was with great difficulty he was held upon a pony by two people, and brought into camp at Khoord Cabul. The pony Mrs. Sturt rode was wounded in the ear and neck. I had fortunately only one ball in my arm; three others passed through my poshteen near the shoulder without doing me any injury. The party that fired on us were not above fifty yards from us, and we owed our escape to urging our horses on as fast as they could go over a road where, at any other time, we should have walked our horses very carefully. The main attack of the enemy was on the column, baggage, and rear guard; and fortunate it was for Mrs. Sturt and myself that we

* Touching this event there is a singular note:—"General Nott was near Urzhunder, and consequently close to us; and General Pollock requested he would send a brigade to our assistance. This he refused, much to the disgust of his officers, alleging that his troops were fatigued. On this, General Pollock sent Sale with a brigade, at a few hours' notice."

kept with the chiefs. Would to God that Sturt had done so likewise, and not gone back. The ladies were mostly travelling in kajavas, and were mixed up with the baggage and column in the pass: here they were heavily fired on. Many camels were killed. On one camel were, in one kajava, Mrs. Boyd and her youngest boy Hugh; and in the other Mrs. Mainwaring and her infant, scarcely three months old, and Mrs. Anderson's eldest child. This camel was shot. Mrs. Boyd got a horse to ride: and her child was put on another behind a man, who being shortly after unfortunately killed the child was carried off by the Afghans. Mrs. Mainwaring, less fortunate, took her own baby in her arms. Mary Anderson was carried off in the confusion. Meeting with a pony laden with treasure, Mrs. M. endeavoured to mount and sit on the boxes, but they upset; and in the hurry pony and treasure were left behind; and the unfortunate lady pursued her way on foot, until after a time an Afghan asked her if she was wounded, and told her to mount behind him. This apparently kind offer she declined, being fearful of treachery; alleging as an excuse that she could not sit behind him on account of the difficulty of holding her child when so mounted. This man shortly after snatched her shawl off her shoulders, and left her to her fate. Mrs. M.'s sufferings were very great; and she deserves much credit for having preserved her child through these dreadful scenes. She not only had to walk a considerable distance with her child in her arms through the deep snow, but had also to pick her way over the bodies of the dead, dying, and wounded, both men and cattle, and constantly to cross the streams of water wet up to the knees, pushed and shoved about by men and animals, the enemy keeping up a sharp fire, and several persons being killed close to her. She, however, got safe to camp with her child, but had no opportunity to change her clothes; and I know from experience that it was many days ere my wet habit became thawed, and can fully appreciate her discomforts."

Of their surrender we are told—

"There can be little doubt but that the proposition was acceded to by the general in the twofold hope of placing the ladies and children beyond the dangers and dreadful privations of the camp, and also of shewing the sirdar that he was sincere in his wish to negotiate a truce, and thus win from him a similar feeling of confidence. Overwhelmed with domestic affliction, neither Mrs. Sturt nor I were in a fit state to decide for ourselves whether we would accept the sirdar's protection or not. There was but faint hope of our ever getting safe to Jellalabad; and we followed the stream. But although there was much talk regarding our going over, all I personally know of the affair is, that I was told we were all to go, and that our horses were ready, and we must mount immediately and be off. We were taken by a very circuitous route to the Khoord Cabul forts, where we found Mahommed Akbar Khan, and the hostages. Mr. Boyd's little boy had been brought there, and was restored to his parents. Mrs. Burnes and young Stoker were also saved, and joined our party. Anderson's little girl is said to have been taken to Cabul, to the Nawaub Zeman Shah Khan. Three rooms were cleared out for us, having no outlets except a small door to each; and of course they were dark and dirty. The party to which I belonged consisted of Mrs. Trevor and seven children, Lieut. and Mrs. Waller and child, Mrs. Sturt, Mr. Mein, and myself, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Burnes, two soldiers' wives, and young Stoker, child of a soldier of the 13th, who was saved from people who were carrying him off to the hills, and came in covered, we fear, with his mother's blood: of her we have no account, nor of Mrs. Cunningham, both of the 13th. The dimensions of our room are at the utmost fourteen feet by ten. At midnight some mutton bones and greasy rice were brought to us. All that Mrs. Sturt and I possess are the clothes on our backs in which we quitted Cabul. * * * * It would be impossible for me to describe the feelings with which we pursued our way through the dreadful scenes that awaited us. The road covered with awfully mangled bodies, all naked: fifty-eight Europeans were counted in the Tunghee and dip of the Nullah; the natives innumerable. Numbers of camp followers, still alive, frost-bitten, and starving; some perfectly out of their senses and idiotic. Major Ewart, 54th, and Major Scott, 44th, were recognised as we passed them, with some others. The sight was dreadful; the smell of the blood sickening; and the corpses lay so thick it was impossible to look from them, as it required care to guide my horse so as not to tread upon the bodies: but it is unnecessary to dwell on such a distressing and revolting subject. * * * We travelled over a dreadfully rough road: some of the ascents and descents were fearful to look at, and at first sight appeared to be impracticable. The whole road was a continuation of rocks and stones, over which the camels had great difficulty in making their way; and particularly in the ascent of the Adrak-Budrak pass, where I found it requisite to hold tight on by the mane, lest the saddle and I should slip off together. Had we travelled under happier auspices, I should probably have been foolish enough to have expressed fear, not having even a saces to assist me. Still I could not but admire the romantic tortuous defile we passed through, being the bed of a mountain torrent, which we exchanged for the terrific pass I have mentioned, and which was rendered doubly fearful by constant stoppages from those in front, which appeared to take place at the most difficult spots. At the commencement of the defile, and for some considerable distance, we passed 200 or 300 of our miserable Hindostanees, who had escaped up the unfrequented road from the massacre of the 12th. They were all naked, and more or less frostbitten: wounded, and starving, they had set fire to the bushes and grass, and huddled all together to impart warmth to each other. Subsequently we heard that scarcely any of these poor wretches escaped from the defile: and that, driven to the extreme of hunger, they had sustained life by feeding on their dead comrades. The wind blew bitterly cold at our bivouac; for the inhabitants of the fort refused to take us in, stating that we were kaffirs. We therefore rolled ourselves up as warm as we could, and, with our saddles for pillows, braved the elements. Gen. Elphinstone, Brig. Shelton, and Johnson, considered themselves happy when one of the Afghans told them to accompany him into a wretched cow-shed, which was filled with dense smoke from a blazing fire in the centre of the hut. These officers and Mr. Melville were shortly after invited by Mahommed Akbar Khan to dine with him and his party in the fort. The reception-room was not much better than that they had left; they had, however, a capital dinner, some cups of tea, and luxurious rest at night; the room having been well heated by a blazing fire with plenty of smoke, with no outlet for either heat or smoke, except through the door and a small circular hole in the roof. * * * Early in the morning we were ordered to prepare to go higher up the valley. Thus all hopes (faint as they were) of going to Jellalabad were annihilated; and we plainly saw that, whatever might be said, we were virtually prisoners until such time as Sale shall evacuate Jellalabad, or the Dost be permitted by our government to return to this country. We had a little hail this morning; and shortly after, at about nine o'clock, we started, and travelled along the valley, which was a continuation of forts, until we arrived at Buddabad (about eight or nine miles): it is situated almost at the top of the valley, and close to the first range of hills towards Kafiristan. Six rooms, forming two sides of an inner square or citadel, are appropriated to us; and a tykhana to the soldiers. This fort is the largest

in the valley, and is quite new; it belongs to Mahommed Shah Khan: it has a deep ditch and a *fausse-braye* all round. The walls of mud are not very thick, and are built up with planks in tiers on the inside. The buildings we occupy are those intended for the chief and his favourite wife; those for three other wives are in the outer court, and have not yet been roofed in. We number 9 ladies, 20 gentlemen, and 14 children. In the *tykhana* are 17 European soldiers, 2 European women, and 1 child (Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Burnes, and little Stoker). Mahommed Akbar Khan, to our horror, has informed us that only one man of our force has succeeded in reaching Jellalabad (Dr. Brydon of the Shah's force: he was wounded in two places). Thus is verified what we were told before leaving Cabul; that Mahommed Akbar would annihilate the whole army, except one man, who should reach Jellalabad to tell the tale. Dost Mahommed Khan (the brother of Mahommed Shah Khan) is to have charge of us. Our parties were divided into the different rooms. Lady MacNaghten, Capt. and Mrs. Anderson and 2 children, Capt. and Mrs. Boyd and 2 children, Mrs. Mainwaring and 1 child, with Lieut. and Mrs. Eyre and 1 child, and a European girl, Hester Macdonald, were in one room; that adjoining was appropriated for their servants and baggage. Capt. Mackenzie and his Madras Christian servant Jacob, Mr. and Mrs. Ryley and 2 children, and Mr. Fallon, a writer in Capt. Johnson's office, occupied another. Mrs. Trevor and her 7 children and European servant, Mrs. Smith, Lieut. and Mrs. Waller and child, Mrs. Sturt, Mr. Mein, and I, had another. In two others all the rest of the gentlemen were crammed. It did not take us much time to arrange our property, consisting of one mattress and resai between us, and no clothes except those we had on, and in which we left Cabul. Mahommed Akbar Khan, Sultan Jan, and Ghoolam Moyer-oo-deen visited us. The sirdar assured me we were none of us prisoners; requested that we would make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit of; and told us that as soon as the roads were safe we should be safely escorted to Jellalabad. He farther informed me that I might write to Sale; and that any letters I sent to him he would forward. Of this permission I gladly took advantage to write a few guarded lines to say that we were well and safe. 19th.—We luxuriated in dressing, although we had no clothes but those on our backs; but we enjoyed washing our faces very much, having had but one opportunity of doing so before since we left Cabul. It was rather a painful process, as the cold and glare of the sun on the snow had three times peeled my face, from which the skin came off in strips. We had a grand breakfast, dhall and radishes—the latter large hot ones that had gone to seed, the former is a common pulse eaten by the natives; but any change was good, as we find our chupatties made of the coarse ottah any thing but nice. Ottah is what in England is called pollard, and has to be twice sifted ere it becomes flour. The chupatties are cakes formed of this ottah mixed with water, and dried by standing by the fire set up on edge. Eating these cakes of dough is a capital recipe to obtain the heartburn. We parch rice and barley, and make from them a substitute for coffee. Two sheep (alias lambs) are killed daily; and a regular portion of rice and ottah given for all. The Afghans cook; and well may we exclaim with Goldsmith, 'God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks,' for we only get some greasy skin and bones served out as they are cooked, boiled in the same pot with the rice, all in a lump. Capt. Lawrence divides it, and portions our food as justly as he can. The chupatty is at once the plate and bread: few possess other dinner-table implements than their fingers. The rice even is rendered nauseous by having quantities of rancid ghee poured over it, such as in India we should have disdained to use for our lamps."

In the power of such a wretch, we may congratulate the sufferers that, either from the hope of ransom or the dread of retribution, they were not more barbarously treated; for Lady Sale says—

"There is nothing too brutal or savage for Akbar to accomplish: he is known to have had a man flayed alive in his presence, commencing at the feet and continuing upwards until the sufferer was relieved by death."

The birth of several children, the convulsions of earthquakes, and the severe privations and hardships experienced in crossing so wild a country, vary the narrative, which we have endeavoured to illustrate by these selected sketches. Towards the conclusion, remarking on the newspaper controversies about her, Lady Sale observes—

"As to my 'great prepossession' in favour of Akbar, my greatest wish is, that Gen. Nott's force should march up to Ghuznee, release the prisoners there, and then that a simultaneous movement should take place of Nott's and Pollock's forces upon Cabul. Once again in power here, I would place Akbar, Mahommed Shah, and Sultan Jan *hors de combat*; befriend those who befriended us, and let the Afghans have the Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan back, if they like. He and his family are only an expense to us in India; we can restore them, and make friends with him. Let us first shew the Afghans that we can both conquer them, and revenge the foul murder of our troops; but do not let us dishonour the British name by sneaking out of the country, like whipped Pariah dogs. Afghanistan will become a byword amongst the nations. Had we retreated, as poor Sturt proposed, without baggage, with celerity (forced marches to get through the snow), and had the men stood by us (a doubtful point, they were so worn out and dispirited), we might have figured in history, and have cut out Xenophon's account of the retreat of the 10,000. As to the justice of dethroning the Ameer Dost Mahommed, and setting up Shah Shoojah, I have nothing to say regarding it; nor regarding our policy in attempting to keep possession of a country of uncivilised people, so far from our own, whence all supplies of ammunition, money, &c., must be obtained. Let our governors-general and commanders-in-chief look to that, whilst I knit socks for my grandchildren; but I have been a soldier's wife too long to sit down tamely, whilst our honour is tarnished in the sight and opinion of savages. Had our army been cut to pieces by an avowed enemy, whether in the field or the passes—let them have used what stratagems they pleased,—all had been fair. Akbar had shone as another William Tell—he had been the deliverer of his country from a hateful yoke imposed on them by kaffirs; but here he stands, by his own avowal freely made, the assassin of the envoy—not by proxy, but by his own hand. I do believe, he only meant to make him prisoner, for the purpose of obtaining better terms and more money; but he is a man of ungovernable passions, and his temper when thwarted is ferocious. He afterwards professed to be our friend—we treated with him—great was the credulity of those who placed confidence in him; still they blindly did so, even after the letter was received from Conolly, at Bhoordhak, confirming the previous warnings of his intentions towards us. He followed us, with his blood-thirsty Ghilzyes. Mahommed Shah Khan, his principal adviser, I might almost say his master, is the most inveterate of our enemies. Akbar is a jovial smooth-tongued man, full of compliments and good fellowship, and has the knack of talking over both kaffirs and true believers. To our cost, he did talk our chiefs over, and persuaded them of his friendship; but said that those sugs (dogs) of Ghilzyes were intent on murder and plunder, and totally unmanageable. In this way he hovered on our flanks and rear; and when our people were massacred, and his bloodhounds in human

shape were tolerably glutted with their blood, the scene was changed, although it was constantly repeated. In the distance, a group of horsemen invariably appeared: they were beckoned to, questioned as to what chief was present,—it was invariably Akbar who always pretended good faith, said his 300 horsemen were too few to protect us from the Ghilzyes, &c.—and then, the following day witnessed a repetition of the slaughter and pretended friendship; for that this friendship was a mere pretence was acknowledged by him when he said, 'I was the man who killed your envoy with my own hand; I destroyed your army; I threw aside all ties of family, deserted every thing, for the faith of Islam; and now I am left to bear opprobrium heaped on me by the Feringhees, whilst no one supports me; but were I in power, I would make the chiefs remember it!' and then he uttered maledictions on their heads. He has kept his word; he has been a bitter enemy to all who have shewn the slightest kindness to us; and grinds their money out of them by threats and torture. A woman's vengeance is said to be fearful; but nothing can satisfy mine against Akbar, Sultan Jan, and Mahommed Shah Khan. Still I say that Akbar, having, for his own political purposes, done as he said he would do—that is, destroyed our army, letting only one man escape to tell the tale, as Dr. Brydon did,—and having got the families into his possession;—I say, having done this, he has, ever since we have been in his hands, treated us well;—that is, honour has been respected. It is true that we have not common comforts; but what we denominate such are unknown to Afghan females: they always sleep on the floor, sit on the floor, &c.—hardships to us. We have bought common charpays at two rupees each; that is, a bed formed by four poles and ropes tied across and across them. Had we tables and chairs, we have not space for them, so many inhabit the same apartment. Individually I have no right to complain on this subject; as Lady MacNaghten, Mrs. Mainwaring, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Sturt, and I occupy the same apartment. Captain Boyd makes his bed on the landing-place of the stairs, or on the roof of the house; so that we have no *man-kind* amongst us, except the Boyds' two little boys, and Mrs. Mainwaring's baby. This little fellow was born just before the insurrection broke out in Cabul (in October): his father had gone with Sale's brigade; and we always call him Jung-i-Bahadur. After so long enduring the misery of having gentlemen night and day associated with us, we have found this a great relief. The wuzer gives us rations of meat, rice, ottah, ghee, and oil; and lately fruit. At first our food was dressed for us; but it was so greasy and disgusting, that we asked leave to cook for ourselves. That again was a matter of taste: one person likes what another does not. By us a strong cup of coffee is considered a luxury; whilst an Afghan the other day, who had some given to him (he had never tasted any before), pronounced it bitter and detestable. It is true we have been taken about the country, exposed to heat, cold, rain, &c.; but so were their own women. It was and is very disagreeable; but still we are, *de facto*, prisoners, notwithstanding Akbar still persists in calling us honoured guests; and, as captives, I say we are well treated. He has given us common coarse chintz, and coarse longcloth too, wherewith to clothe ourselves—I must not use the word dress; and making up these articles has given us occupation, increased by having to work with raw cotton, which we have to twist into thread for ourselves. We suffered more from uncleanness than anything else. It was above ten days after our departure from Cabul before I had the opportunity to change my clothes, or even to take them off and put them on again, and to wash myself; and fortunate were those who did not possess much live-stock. It was not until after our arrival here (at Spéwakée, near Cabul) that we completely got clear of lice, which we denominated *infantry*; the fleas, for which Afghanistan is famed (and particularly Cabul), we call light cavalry. The servants, of course, were worse off than ourselves; and, not having as good wardrobes as we had, communicated their pests of the insect tribe to the children they carried about; and thus the mothers obtained double share. Bugs have lately made their appearance, but not in great numbers; the flies torment us; and the musquitos drive us half mad. But these annoyances, great as they are, are the results of circumstances which cannot be controlled; and when I say this, I suppose I shall again be accused of prepossession in favour of the wuzer. We ought, however, to bear in mind, that the Afghans are not addicted to general ablution, they wash their hands before and after their meals, which is but *comme il faut*, as they eat with their fingers; and they constantly wear the same clothes a month. This is not economy. The wuzer will take his bath perhaps once a week, and change his clothes; and the women never think of doing so oftener; and only open their hair at such times, which is kept smooth for that period by the application of gum to its innumerable plaits. Here again is a difference between their tastes and ours, who so enjoy bathing twice a day."

The annexed is a striking anecdote:—When little Tootsey (Captain Anderson's child) was carried off in the Khoord Cabul pass, she was taken direct to Cabul; and the khan rode up and down the streets with her, offering her for sale for 4000 rupees. After some negotiation regarding the price, Conolly purchased the child, who was in the hands of Amenoollah Khan. A plot was laid to take Conolly's life, and that of the other hostages; but Taj Mahommed Khan gave them timely warning not to attend the king should they be sent for. The restoration of the child was a good pretext; and Amenoollah tried to persuade them to go and thank the king for his kindness, when, as soon as they reached the door, they were to have been assassinated. They made some excuse of ill health, and escaped."

A few notices of the natives and the country, and we close this review.

"The celerity with which troops are raised is quite astonishing to us, who are accustomed to see recruits drilled for a length of time. Here every man is born a soldier; every child has his knife,—that weapon which has proved so destructive in the hands of a hostile peasantry, incited against us by the moolahs, who threaten eternal perdition to all who do not join in the cause of the Ghazeeas: whilst heaven, filled with hours, is the recompense for every man who falls in a religious war. With them, the only expense attending the soldier consists in his pay, which is scanty; his horse, if he have one, is his own; and every Afghan is armed completely with some three or four of these knives, of different sizes—from that as long as a sword to a small dagger—pistols, and a juzail; which latter predominates over the matchlock: they carry much farther than our muskets; so that when our men are beyond range to hit them they pour a destroying fire on us. Regarding these same muskets being better than matchlocks; those who had only the latter may have taken them of late in exchange; but, generally speaking, the only useful part to the Afghans are the locks, which they tear off and leave the rest. * * * I kept the anniversary of my marriage by dining with the ladies of Mahommed Shah Khan's family; who told us that Futeh Jung was king, Mahommed Akbar Khan wuzer, and Mahommed Shah Khan the sirdar-i-sirdaran. It was an extremely stupid visit. We had two female servants to interpret for us. Three of Mahommed Shah Khan's wives and some of Dost Mahommed's with the mother of the chiefs, and two of their unmarried sisters, were present. They were, generally speaking, inclined to *embonpoint*, largely formed, and coarsely featured, their dress inelegant, and of the coarsest materials. The favourite wife

and the best dressed, was attired in a common Cabul silk with a coarse piece of ehintz inserted behind, evidently for economy's sake. The dress, which covers the whole person, nearly resembles a common night dress; and has tacked on to it coons, or other pieces of silver or gold, such as crescents, &c., all over the sleeves, the front and sides, from the shoulders to the feet. A breast-plate is worn, commencing at the throat, of coins strung together; this descends far below the waist; and when they sit down, it hangs in festoons on the lap. Only the favourite wore gold coins; those of the other ladies being of silver. They had nothing in the way of jewels, properly so called. About seven common-sized pearls surrounding an emerald full of flaws, the whole set as a nose ornament, was the handsomest thing I saw in the trinket way. Some of them had very inferior ear-rings of gold and silver. They wear their hair in innumerable small plaits hanging down: these are arranged once a week after taking the bath; and the tresses are then well stiffened with gum. The unmarried women bend their hair in a flat braid across the forehead touching the eyebrows; which gives them a very heavy look. These said eyebrows, whilst they are maidens, remain as nature formed them: but when they marry, the hair of the centre is carefully picked out; and the arch, thus most unnaturally raised, is painted. The Cabul women are much addicted to the use of both white and red paint; and they colour not only the nails, as in Hindostan, but the whole hand up to the wrist, which looks as though it had been plunged in blood, and to our ideas is very disgusting. A particular plant is often used for this purpose. The upper part of the leaf sparkles, and resembles the ice-plant; but the lower part is red, and on being pressed gives a fine dye. A chuddah is thrown over the head and shoulders in the House, as in Hindostan; and when they go out they wear the bourka, ru-i-band, and leg-wraps: high-heeled iron-shod slippers complete the costume. After a time an extremely dirty cloth was spread over the numdas in front of us, and dishes of pillau, dhye or sour curd, and féméz or sweet curd, were placed before us. Those who had not taken a spoon with them, ate with their fingers, Afghan fashion—an accomplishment in which I am by no means *au fait*. We drank water out of a tea-pot. A dinner was given to the gentlemen by Abdoollah Khan, at his tents about two miles off, nearer the snow. * * * Regarding the fruits of Afghanistan, I should not be believed were I to state the truth. Selected grapes off a bunch of those in the Kohistan have been known to weigh 200 grains; the largest I ever weighed myself was 127 grains. It was the kind denominated the bull's eye by the English; I believe the natives call it the Hoosseince-Angoor; its form is nearly round, and the taste very luscious; it is of a kind not generally purchasable. At Kardunah they grow in great perfection. Those I ate was sent as a present from a native gentleman to Captain Sturt, as were also some very delicious pears from Turkistan. The largest peaches I have myself weighed turned the scale at fifteen rupees, and were fully equal in juiciness and flavour to those of the English hothouse. The finest sort are in the Kohistan, but they are so delicate they will not bear carriage to Cabul. I have been assured by my friends who have been there in the peach season that the best fruit of the kind at my table was quite inferior to those above mentioned. The Orleans blue plum is excellent. There is a green one resembling in appearance a greengage, but very tasteless. There are also many other kinds, with a great variety of melons, water, musk, and surda, which is accounted the best.

We now take our leave of our gallant author, whose masculine energy will give her a niche in British story, though the description of her meeting with her husband at the last is deeply affecting and womanly; and, whilst we lament the scenes wherein she shone the heroine, we cannot help breathing the wish, too late, that she had been commandant at Cabul.

DUMAS IN ITALY.

France has lately sent forth her poets in great force, to travel, and to write travels. Delamartine, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and others, have been forth in the high-ways and the high-seas, observing, portraying, poetizing, romancing. The last-mentioned of these, Mr. Dumas, a dramatist very ingenious in the construction of plots, and one who tells a story admirably, has travelled quite in character. There is a dramatic air thrown over all his proceedings, things happen as if they had been rehearsed, and he blends the novelist and tourist together after a very bold and original fashion. It is a new method of writing travels that he has hit upon, and we recommend it to the notice of our countrymen or countrywomen, who start from home with the fixed idea, happen what may, of inditing a book. He does not depend altogether upon the incidents of the road, or the raptures of sight-seeing, or any odd fantasy that buildings or scenery might suggest: he provides himself with full half of his materials before he starts, in the shape of historical anecdote and romantic story, which he distributes as he goes along. A better plan for an amusing book could not be devised. Your mere tourist, it must be confessed, however frivolous he submits for our entertainment to become, grows heavy on our hands; that rapid and incessant change of scene which is kindly meant to enliven our spirits, becomes itself wearisome, and we long for some resting-place, even though it should be obtained by that most illegitimate method of closing the volume. On the other hand, a teller of tales has always felt the want of some enduring thread—though, as some one says in a like emergency, it be only *packthread*—on which his tales may be strung—something to fill up the pauses, and prevent the utter solution of continuity between tale and tale—something that gives the narrator a reasonable plea for *going on again*, and makes the telling another story an indispensable duty upon his part, and the listening to it a corresponding obligation upon ours; and ever since the time when that young lady of unpronounceable and unrememberable name who told the One Thousand and One Tales, telling a fragment every morning to keep her head upon her shoulders, there has been devised many a strange expedient for this purpose. Now, M. Dumas has contrived, by uniting the two characters of tourist and novelist, to make them act as reliefs to each other. Whilst he shares with other travellers the daily adventures of the road—the journey, the sight, and the dinner—he is not compelled to be always moving; he can pause when he pleases, and, like the *fableur* of olden times, sitting down in the market-place, in the public square, at the corner of some column or statue, he narrates his history or his romance. Then, the story told, up starts the busy and provident tourist; lo! the *coiture* is waiting for him at the hotel; in he leaps, and we with him, and off we rattle through other scenes, and to other cities. He has a track *in space* to which he is bound; we recognize the necessity that he should proceed thereon; but he can diverge at pleasure through all *time*, bear us off into what age he pleases, make us utterly oblivious of the present, and lap us in the Elysium of a good story.

Our traveller opens his campaign at Nice. The little town of Monaco is his next resting-place. This town, which is now under the government of the King of Sardinia, was at one time an independent principality; and M. Dumas gives a lively sketch of the vicissitudes which the little state has undergone, mimicking, as it has, the movements of great monarchies, and being capable of

boasting even of its revolution and its republic. During the reign of Louis XIV. the territory of Monaco gave the title of prince to a certain Honore III. who was under the protection of the *Grand Monarque*.

"The marriage of this Prince of Monaco," says our annalist, "was not happy. One fine morning his spouse, who was the same beautiful and gay Duchess de Valentinois so well known in the scandalous chronicles of that age, found herself at one step out of the states of her lord and sovereign. She took refuge at Paris. Desertion was not all. The prince soon learned that he was as unfortunate as a husband can be.

"At that epoch, calamities of this description were only laughed at; but the Prince of Monaco was, as the duchess used to say, a strange man, and he took offence. He got information from time to time of the successive gallants whom his wife thought fit to honour, and he hanged them in effigy, one after the other, in the front court of his palace. The court was soon full, and the executions bordered on the high road; nevertheless, the prince relented not, but continued always to hang. The report of these executions reached Versailles; Louis XIV. was, in his turn, displeased, and counselled the prince to be more lenient in his punishments. He of Monaco answered that, being a sovereign prince, he had undoubtedly the right of pit and gallows on his own domain, and that surely he might hang as many men of straw as he pleased.

"The affair bred so much scandal, that it was thought prudent to send the duchess back to her husband. He, to make her punishment the more complete, had resolved that she should, on her return, pass before this row of executed effigies. But the dowager Princess of Monaco prevailed upon her son to forego this ingenious revenge, and a bonfire was made of all the scarecrows. 'It was,' said Madame de Sevigné, 'the torch of their second nuptials.' * *

From Monaco our traveller proceeds to Geneva; from Geneva, by water, to Livorno, (*Anglicé*, Leghorn.) Now there is little or nothing to be seen at Livorno. There is, in the place *della Darnesa*, a solitary statue of Ferdinand I., some time cardinal, and afterwards Grand-Duke of Florence. M. Dumas be-thinks him to tell us the principal incident in the life of this Ferdinand; but then this again is connected with the history of Bianca Capello, so that he must commence with her adventures. The name of Bianca Capello figures just now on the title-page of one of Messrs. Colburn's and Bentley's *last and newest*. Those who have read the novel, and those who, like ourselves, have seen only the title, may be equally willing to hear the story of this high-spirited dame told in the terse, rapid manner—brief, but full of detail—of Dumas. We cannot give the whole of it in the words of M. Dumas; the extract would be too long; we must get over a portion of the ground in the shortest manner possible.

"It was towards the end of the reign of Cosmo the Great, about the commencement of the year 1563, that a young man named Pietro Bonaventuri, the issue of a family respectable, though poor, left Florence to seek his fortune in Venice. An uncle who bore the same name as himself, and who had lived in the latter city for twenty years, recommended him to the bank of the Salviati, of which he himself was one of the managers. The youth was received in the capacity of clerk.

Opposite the bank of the Salviati lived a rich Venetian nobleman, head of the house of the Capelli. He had one son and one daughter, but not by his wife then living, who, in consequence, was stepmother to his children. With the son, our narrative is not concerned; the daughter, Bianca Capello, was a charming girl of the age of fifteen or sixteen, of a pale complexion, on which the blood, at every emotion, would appear, and pass like a roseate cloud; her hair, of that rich flaxen which Raphael has made so beautiful; her eyes dark and full of lustre, her figure slight and flexible, but of that flexibility which denotes no weakness, but force of character; prompt, as another Juliet, to love, and waiting only till some Romeo should cross her path, to say, like the maid of Verona—'I will be to thee or to the tomb!'

"She saw Pietro Bonaventuri: the window of his chamber looked out upon hers; they exchanged glances, signs, promises of love. Arrived at this point, the distance from each other was their sole obstacle: this obstacle Bianca was the first to overcome.

"Each night, when all had retired to rest in the house of the Salviati, when the nurse who had reared Bianca, had betaken herself to the next chamber, and the young girl, standing listening against the partition, had assured herself that this last Argus was asleep, she threw over her shoulders a dark cloak to be the less visible in the night, descended on tiptoe, and light as a shadow, the marble stairs of the paternal palace, unbarred the gate, and crossed the street. On the threshold of the opposite door, her lover was standing to receive her; and the two together, with stifled breath and silent caresses, ascended the stairs that led to the little chamber of Pietro. Before the break of day, Bianca retired in the same manner to her own room, where her nurse found her in the morning, in a sleep as profound at least as the sleep of innocence.

"One night whilst our Juliet was with her Romeo, a baker's boy, who had just been to light his oven in the neighbourhood, saw a gate half open, and thought he did good service by closing it. Ten minutes afterwards, Bianca descended, and saw that it was impossible to re-enter her father's house.

"Bianca was one of those energetic spirits whose resolutions are taken at once, and for ever. She saw that her whole future destiny was changed by this one accident, and she accepted without hesitation the new life which this accident had imposed on her. She reascended to her lover, related what had happened, demanded of him if he was ready to sacrifice all for her as she was for him, and proposed to take advantage of the two hours of the night which still remained to them, to quit Venice and conceal themselves from the pursuit of her parents. Pietro was true—he adopted immediately the proposal; they stepped into a gondola, and fled towards Florence.

"Arrived at Florence, they took refuge with the father of Pietro—Bonaventuri the elder, who with his wife had a small lodging in the second floor in the place of St. Mark. Strange! it is with poor parents that the children are so especially welcome. They received their son and their new daughter with open arms. Their servant was dismissed, both for economy and the better preservation of their secret. The good mother charged herself with the care of the little household. Bianca, whose white hands had been taught no such useful duties, set about working the most charming embroidery. The father, who earned his living as a copyist for public offices, gave out that he had retained a clerk, and took home a double portion of papers. All were employed, and the little family contrived to live.

"Meanwhile, it will be easily imagined how great a commotion the flight of Bianca created in the palace of the noble Capello. During the whole of the first day they made no pursuit, for they still, though with much anxiety, expected her return. The day passed, however, without any news of the fugitive; the flight, on the same morning, of Pietro Bonaventuri was next reported; a thousand little incidents which attracted no notice at the time were now brought back to recollection; and the result of the whole was the clear conviction that they had fled together. The influence of the Capelli was such that the case

was brought immediately before the Council of Ten; and Pietro Bonaventuri was placed under the ban of the Republic. The sentence of this tribunal was made known to the government of Florence; and this government authorized the Capelli, or the officers of the Venetian Republic, to make all necessary search, not only in Florence, but throughout all Tuscany. The search, however, was unavailing. Each one of the parties felt too great an interest in keeping their secret, and Bianca herself never stirred from the apartment.

"Three months passed in this melancholy concealment, yet she who had been habituated from infancy to all the indulgences of wealth, never once breathed a word of complaint. Her only recreation was to look down into the street through the sloping blind. Now, amongst those who frequently passed across the Place of St. Mark was the young grand-duke, who went every other day to see his father at his castle of Petraja. Francesco was young, gallant, and handsome; but it was not his youth or beauty that pre-occupied the thoughts of Bianca, it was the idea that this prince, as powerful as he seemed gracious, might, by one word, raise the ban from Pietro Bonaventuri, and restore both him and herself to freedom. It was this idea which kindled a double lustre in the eyes of the young Venetian, as she, punctually at the hour of his passing, ran to the window, and sloped the jealousy. One day, the prince happening to look up as he passed, met the enlarged glance of his fair observer. Bianca hastily retired."

What immediately follows need not be told at any length. Francesco was enamoured; he obtained an interview. Bianca released and enriched her lover, but became the mistress of the young duke. Pietro was quite content with this arrangement; he had himself given the first example of inconsistency. He entered into a career of riotous pleasure, which ended in a violent death.

Francesco, in obedience to his father, married a princess of the house of Austria; but Bianca still retained her influence. His wife, who had been much afflicted by this preference of her rival, died, and the repentant widower swore never again to see Bianca. He kept the oath for four months; but she placed herself as if by accident in his path, and all her old power was revived. Francesco, by the death of his father, became the reigning Duke of Tuscany, and Bianca Capello, his wife and duchess. And now we arrive at that part of the story in which Ferdinand, the brother of Francesco, and whose statue at Livorno led to this history, enters on the scene.

"About three years after their nuptials, the young Archduke, the issue of Francesco's previous marriage, died, leaving the ducal throne of Tuscany without direct heir; failing which the Cardinal Ferdinand would become Grand-duke at the death of his brother. Now Bianca had given to Francesco one son; but, besides that he was born before their marriage, and therefore incapable of succeeding, the rumour had been spread that he was supposititious. The dukedom, therefore, would descend to the Cardinal if the Grand-duchess should have no other child; and Francesco himself had begun to despair of this happiness, when Bianca announced to him a second pregnancy.

"This time the Cardinal resolved to watch himself the proceedings of his dear sister-in-law, lest he should be the dupe of some new manoeuvre. He began, therefore, to cultivate in an especial manner the friendship of his brother, declaring, that the present condition of the Grand-duchess proved to him how false had been the rumours spread touching her former *accouchement*. Francesco, happy to find his brother in this disposition, returns his advances with the utmost cordiality. The Cardinal availed himself of this friendly feeling to come and install himself in the Palace Pitti.

"The arrival of the Cardinal was by no means agreeable to Bianca, who was not at all deceived as to the true cause of the fraternal visit. She knew that, in the Cardinal, she had a spy upon her at every moment. The spy, however, could detect nothing that savoured of imposture. If her condition was feigned, the comedy was admirably played. The Cardinal began to think that his suspicions were unjust. Nevertheless, if there was craft, the game he determined should be played out with equal skill upon his side.

"The eventful day arrived. The Cardinal could not remain in the chamber of Bianca, but he stationed himself in an antechamber, through which every one who visited her must necessarily pass. There he began to say his breviary walking solemnly to and fro. After praying and promenading thus for about an hour, a message was brought to him from the invalid, requesting him to go into another room, as his tread disturbed her. 'Let her attend to her affairs, and I to mine,' was the only answer he gave, and the Cardinal recommenced his walk and his prayer.

Soon after this the confessor of the Grand-duchess entered—a Capuchin, in a long robe. The Cardinal went up to him, and embraced him in his arms, recommending his sister most affectionately to his pious care. While embracing the good monk, the Cardinal felt, or thought he felt something strange in his long sleeve. He groped under the Capuchin's robe, and drew out—a fine boy.

"My dear brother," said the Cardinal, "I am now more tranquil. I am sure, at least that my dear sister-in-law will not die this time in childbirth."

"The monk saw that all that remained was to avoid if possible, the scandal; and he asked the Cardinal himself what he should do. The Cardinal told him to enter into the chamber of the Duchess, whisper to her what had happened, and, as she acted, so would he act. Silence should purchase silence; clamour, clamour.

"Bianca saw that she must renounce at present her design to give a successor to the ducal crown; she submitted to a miscarriage. The Cardinal on his side, kept his word, and the unsuccessful attempt was never betrayed.

"A few months passed on; there was an uninterrupted harmony between the brothers, and Francesco invited the Cardinal, who was fond of field-sports, to pass some time with him at a country palace, famous for its preserves of game.

"On the very day of his arrival, Bianca, who knew that the Cardinal was partial to a certain description of tart, bethought her to prepare one for him herself. This flattering attention on the part of his sister-in-law was hinted to him by Francesco, who mentioned it as a new proof of the Duchess's amiability; but, as he had no great confidence in his reconciliation with Bianca, it was an intimation which caused him not a little disquietude. Fortunately, the Cardinal possessed an opal, given to him by Pope Sixtus V., which had the property of growing dim the moment it approached any poisonous substance. He did not fail to make a trial of it on the tart prepared by Bianca. The opal grew dim and tarnished. The Cardinal said, with an assumed air of carelessness, that, on consideration, he would not eat to-day of the tart. The Duke pressed him; but not being able to prevail—'Well,' said he, 'since Ferdinand will not eat of his favourite dish, it shall not be said that a Grand-duchess had turned confectioner for nothing—I will eat of it.' And he helped himself to a piece of the tart.

"Bianca was in the act of bending forward to prevent him—but suddenly paused. Her position was horrible. She must either avow her crime, or suffer her husband to poison himself. She cast a quick retrospective glance along

her past life; she saw that she had exhausted all the pleasures of the world, and attained to all its glories; her decision was rapid—as rapid as on that day when she had fled from Venice with Pietro. She also cut off a piece from the tart, and extending her hand to her husband, she smiled, and with the other hand, eat of the poisoned dish.

"On the morrow, Francesco and Bianca were dead. A physician opened their bodies by order of Ferdinand, and declared that they had fallen victims to a malignant fever. Three days after the Cardinal threw down his red hat, and ascended the ducal throne."

But presto! Mr. Dumas is traveller as well as annalist. He must leave the Middle Ages to themselves; the present moment has its exigencies; he must look to himself and his baggage. He had great difficulty in doing this on his landing at the Port of Livorno; and now, on his departure, he is beset with *vetturini*. Let us recur to some of these miseries of travel, which may at least claim a wide sympathy, for most of us are familiar with them. It is not necessary even to leave our own island to find how great an embarrassment too much help may prove, but we certainly have nothing in our own experience quite equal to the lively picture of M. Dumas:—

"I have visited many ports—I have traversed many towns—I have contended with the porters of Avignon—with the *facchini* of Malta, and with the inn-keepers of Messina, but I never entered so villainous a place as Livorno."

"In every other country of the world there is some possibility of defending your baggage, of bargaining for its transport to the hotel; and if no treaty can be made, there is at least liberty given to load your own shoulders with it, and be your own porter. Nothing of this kind at Livorno. The vessel which brings you has not yet touched the shore when it is boarded; *commissionnaires* absolutely rain upon you, you know not whence; they spring upon the jetty, throw themselves on the nearest vessel, and glide down upon you from the rigging. Seeing that your little craft is in danger of being capsize by their numbers, you think of self-preservation, and grasping hold of some green and slimy steps, you cling there, like Crusoe to his rock: then after many efforts, having lost your hat, and scarified your knees, and torn your nails, you at length stand on the pier. So much for yourself. As to your baggage, it has been already divided into as many lots as there are articles; you have a porter for your portmanteau, a porter for your dressing-case, a porter for your hat-box, a porter for your umbrella, a porter for your cane. If there are two of you, that makes ten porters; if three, fifteen; as we were four, we had twenty.—A twenty-first wished to take Milord (the dog,) but Milord who permits no liberties, took him by the calf, and we had to pinch his tail till he consented to unlock his teeth. The porter followed us, crying that the dog had lamed him, and that he would compel us to make compensation. The people rose in tumult and we arrived at the *Pension Suisse* with twenty porters before us, and a rabble of two hundred behind."

"It cost us forty francs for our portmanteaus, umbrella, and canes, and ten francs for the bitten leg." In all, fifty francs for about fifty steps."

This was on his landing at Livorno: on his departure he gives us an account, equally graphic, of the *returini*:—

"A diligence is a creature that leaves at a fixed hour, and its passengers run to it; a *vetturino* leaves at all hours, and runs after its passengers. Hardly have you set your foot out of the boat that brings you from the steam-vessel to the shore, than you are assailed, stifled, dragged, deafened by twenty drivers, who look on you as their merchandise, and treat you accordingly, and would end by carrying you off bodily, if they could agree among them who should have the booty. Families have been separated at the port of Livorno, to find each other how they could in the streets of Florence. In vain you jump into a *fiacre*, they leap up before, above, behind; and at the gate of the hotel, there you are in the midst of the same group of villains, who are only the more clamorous for having been kept waiting. Reduced to extremities, you declare that you have come to Livorno upon commercial business, and that you intend staying eight days at least, and you ask of the *garçon*, loud enough for all to hear, if there is an apartment at liberty for the next week. At this they will sometimes abandon the prey which they reckon upon seizing at some future time; they run back with all haste to the port to catch some other traveller, and you are free."

"Nevertheless, if about an hour after this you should wish to leave the hotel, you will find one or two sentinels at the gate. These are connected with the hotel, and they have been forewarned by the *garçon* that it will not be eight days before you leave—that, in fact, you will leave tomorrow. These it is absolutely necessary that you call in, and make your treaty with. If you should have the imprudence to issue forth into the street, fifty of the brotherhood will be attracted by their clamours, and the scene of the port will be renewed. They will ask ten piastres for a carriage—you will offer five. They will utter piercing cries of dissent—you will shut the door upon them. In three minutes one of them will climb in at the window, and engage with you for five piastres."

"This treaty concluded, you are sacred to all the world; in five minutes the report is spread through all Livorno that you are engaged. You may then go where you please; every one salutes you, wishes you *bon voyage*; you would think yourself amongst the most disinterested people in the world."

The only question that remains to be decided is that of the drink-money—the *buona-mano*, as the Italian calls it. This is a matter of grave importance, and should be gravely considered. On this *buona-mano* depends the rapidity of your journey; for the time may vary at the will of the driver from six to twelve hours. Hereupon M. Dumas tells an amusing story of a Russian prince which not only proves how efficient a cause this *buona-mano* may be in the accomplishment of the journey, but also illustrates very forcibly a familiar principle of our own jurisprudence, and a point to which the Italian traveller must pay particular attention. We doubt if the necessity of a written agreement in order to enforce the terms of a contract, was ever made more painfully evident than in the following instance:—

"The Prince C—had arrived, with his mother and a German servant, at Livorno. Like every other traveller who arrives at Livorno, he had sought immediately the most expeditious means of departure. These, as we have said,

"This was not the only case of compensation made out against this travelling companion. 'Milord,' says our tourist, 'in his quality of bulldog, was so great a destroyer of cats, that we judged it wise to take some precautions against overcharges in this particular. Therefore, on our departure from Genoa, in which town Milord had commenced his practices upon the feline race of Italy, we enquired the price of a full-grown, well-conditioned cat, and it was agreed on all hands that a cat of the ordinary species—grey, white, and tortoiseshell—was worth two pauls—(learned cats, Angora cats, cats with two heads or three tails, are not, of course, included in this tariff.) Paying down this sum for two several Genoese cats which had been just strangled by our friend, we demanded a legal receipt, and we added successively other receipts of the same kind, so that this document became at length an indisputable authority for the price of cats throughout all Italy. As often as Milord committed a new assassination, and the attempt was made to extort from us more than two pauls as the price of blood, we drew this document from our pocket, and proved beyond a cavil that two pauls was what we were accustomed to pay on such occasions, and obstinate indeed must have been the man or woman who did not yield to such a weight of precedent."

present themselves in sufficient abundance; the only difficulty is, to know how to use them.

"The vetturini had learnt from the industrious porters that they had to deal with a prince. Consequently they demanded twelve piastres instead of ten, and the prince, instead of offering five, conceded the twelve piastres, but stipulated that this should include every thing, especially the *buona-mano*, which the master should settle with the driver. "Very good," said the vetturini; the prince paid his twelve piastres, and the carriage started off with him and his baggage at full gallop. It was nine o'clock in the morning: according to his calculation, the Prince would be at Florence about three or four in the afternoon.

"They had advanced about a quarter of a league when the horses relaxed their speed, and began to walk step by step. As to the driver, he sang upon his seat, interrupting himself now and then to gossip with such acquaintances as he met upon the road; and as it is ill talking and progressing at the same time, he soon brought himself to a full stop when he had occasion for conference.

"The prince endured this for some time; at length putting his head out of the window, he said, in the purest Tuscan, '*Avanti! avanti! tirate via!*'"

"How much do you give for *buona-mano*?" answered the driver, turning round upon his box.

"Why do you speak to me of your *buona-mano*?" said the prince. "I have given your master twelve piastres, on condition that it should include every thing."

"The *buona-mano* does not concern the master," responded the driver; "how much do you give?"

"Not a sou—I have paid."

"Then, your excellence, we will continue our walk."

"Your master has engaged to take me to Florence in six hours," said the Prince.

"Where is the paper that says that—the written paper, your excellence?"

"Paper! what need of a paper for so simple a matter? I have no paper."

"Then, your excellence, we will continue our walk."

"Ah, we will see that!" said the Prince.

"Yes, we will see that!" said the driver.

Hereupon the prince spoke to his German servant, Frantz, who was sitting beside the coachman, and bade him administer due correction to this refractory fellow.

"Frantz descended from the voiture without uttering a word, pulled down the driver from his seat, and pummelled him with true German gravity. Then pointing to the road, helped him on his box, and re-seated himself by the side. The driver proceeded—a little slower than before. One wears of things in this world, even of beating a coachman. The prince, reasoning with himself that, fast or slow, he must at length arrive at his journey's end, counselled the princess his mother to compose herself to sleep; and, burying himself in one corner of the carriage, gave her the example.

"The driver occupied six hours in going from Livorno to Pontedera; just four hours more than was necessary. Arrived at Pontedera, he invited the Prince to descend, as he was about to change the carriage."

"But," said the prince, "I have given twelve piastres to your master on condition that the carriage should not be changed."

"Where is the paper?"

"Fellow, you know I have none."

"In that case, your excellence, we will change the carriage."

"The Prince was half-disposed to break the rascal's bones himself; but, besides that this would have compromised his dignity, he saw, from the countenances of those who stood loitering round the carriage, that it would be a very imprudent step. He descended; they threw his baggage down upon the pavement; and after about an hour's delay, brought out a miserable dislocated carriage and two broken-winded horses.

"Under any other circumstances the Prince would have been generous—would have been lavish; but he had insisted upon his right, he was resolved not to be conquered. Into this ill-conditioned vehicle he therefore doggedly entered, and as the new driver had been forewarned that there would be no *buona-mano*, the equipage started amid the laughter and jeers of the mob.

"This time the horses were such wretched animals that it would have been out of conscience to expect anything more than a walk from them. It took six more hours to go from Pontedera to Empoli.

"Arrived at Empoli the driver stopped, and presented himself at the door of the carriage.

"Your excellence sleeps here," said he to the prince.

"How! are we at Florence?"

"No, your excellence, you are at the charming little town of Empoli."

"I paid twelve piastres to your master to go to Florence, not to Empoli. I will sleep at Florence."

"Where is the paper?"

"To the devil with your papers!"

"Your excellence then has no paper?"

"No."

"In that case your excellence now will sleep at Empoli!"

"In a few minutes afterwards the prince found himself driven under a kind of archway. It was a coach-house belonging to an inn. On his expressing surprise at being driven into this sort of place, and repeating his determination to proceed to Florence, the coachman said, that at all events, he must change his horses; and that this was the most convenient place for so doing. In fact, he took out his horses, and led them away.

"After waiting some time for his return the prince called to Frantz, and bade him open the door of the coach house, and bring somebody."

"Frantz obeyed, but found the door shut—fastened."

"On hearing that they were shut in the prince started from the carriage, shook the gate with all his might, called out lustily, and looked about in vain, for some paving stone with which to batter them open.

"Now the prince was a man of admirable good sense; so, having satisfied himself that the people in the house either could not or would not hear him, he determined to make the best of his position. Re-entering the carriage, he drew up the glasses, looked to his pistols, stretched out his legs, and wishing his mother good night, went off to sleep. Frantz did the same on his post. The princess was not so fortunate; she was in perpetual terror of some ambush, and kept her eyes wide open all the night.

"So the night passed. At seven o'clock in the morning the door of the coach-house opened, and a driver appeared with a couple of horses.

"Are there not some travellers for Florence here?" he asked with the tone of perfect politeness, and as if he were putting the most natural question in the world.

"The prince leapt from the carriage with the intention of strangling the man—but it was another driver!"

"Where is the rascal that brought us here?" he demanded.

"What, Peppino? Does your excellence mean Peppino?"

"The driver from Pontedera?"

"Ah, well, that was Peppino."

"Then where is Peppino?"

"He is on his road home. Yes, your excellence. You see it was the fête of the Madonna, and we danced and drank together—I and Peppino—all the night; this morning about an hour ago says he to me, 'Gaetano, do you take your horses, and go find two travellers and a servant who are under a coach-house at the *Croce d'Or*; all is paid except the *buona-mano*.' And I asked him, your excellence, how it happened that travellers were sleeping in a coach-house instead of in a chamber. 'Oh,' said he, 'they are English—they are afraid of not having clean sheets, and so they prefer to sleep in their carriage in the coach-house.' Now as I know the English are a nation of originals, I supposed it was all right, and so I emptied another flask, and got my horses, and here I am. If I am too early I will return, and come by and by."

"No, no, in the devil's name," said the prince, "harness your beasts, and do not lose a moment. There is a piaster for your *buona-mano*."

"They were soon at Florence."

"The first care of the prince, after having breakfasted, for neither he nor the princess had eaten anything since they left Livorno, was to lay his complaint before a magistrate."

"Where is the paper?" said the judicial authority.

"I have none," said the prince.

"Then I counsel you," replied the judge, "to let the matter drop. Only the next time give five piastres to the master, and a piaster and a half to the driver; you will save five piastres and a half and arrive eighteen hours sooner."—[Conclusion next week.]

LIFE OF A TRAVELLING PHYSICIAN.

WHEN the 'Diary of a late Physician' first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, the public were somewhat startled at the possible betrayals which the title seemed to foreshadow; and only tranquillized when it became manifest that the diarist's cases, patients, and melo-dramatic scenes, were pure fabrications. Here however, we have the veritable life of a Physician. The narrative, of course, is of a much paler hue, but it is true; in place of the terrible death-bed phenomena of conscience, sharpened by mortal agony, we have here a show-up of the friends, medical or lay, to whom the young Doctor had letters of introduction—a sketch of Lord A. and his family, with whom he travelled—a full-length portrait of his employer, Prince B., and his foibles—particulars of the personal and domestic habits of the Countess C., at whose house they visited—the ridiculous embroidering fancies of another host, Count D.—the private hospitalities of merchants E., F., and others. It will be fortunate for future Travelling Physicians if they do not find their positions in continental society somewhat less pleasant than heretofore, and if they be not forbidden the use of pen and ink, save when a pill or a composing draught is required.

The work is pleasantly written, and our Physician is often happy in sketching a portrait, and has a very sprightly narrative style: and we shall do our best to satisfy the reader on these points. Let us then, without further preamble, introduce Prince — and his *Chef de cuisine* —

"The prince shone as a star in the gastronomic firmament; but what greater eulogium can be paid him, than the one pronounced upon him by his own cook, who, in speaking of him, and discussing his different merits, observed, that it was a pleasure to serve him, for, said he, '*Monsieur le Prince est essentiellement cuisinier*.' Now this same artist had been cook to two empresses, and to many princes, which adds weight to the compliment paid the prince upon his culinary talents. He paid dear for the compliment, it is true, in more ways than one; nor was he blind to the system of depredation which these artists practiced upon him. "The Prince, once shut up with him in his carriage, and proceeding gloomily along the road which leads to Smolensko (soon after the termination of the campaign which reduced that city to ashes), wishing to doubt to change his train of ideas, burst like a torrent upon his unsuspecting artist with the emphatic demand, 'Why do you rob me so?' The poor astounded cook, who was at this very moment probably devising some plan of speculation, to make up for the time lost in a long, and for him unprofitable, journey of some weeks' duration, replied in an agitated tone, 'Sir, sir, I don't rob you, I only—only—only make the usual profits of my—' Stop,' said the Prince, 'I am not angry with you: I know that you rob me; but I wish to make an arrangement with you. Why do you do it? I give you a handsome salary, you have many perquisites, and what need have you of more? Now be candid, and speak the truth boldly: you know that I cannot do without you.' * * * * *

"Why, sir, I admit that your's is an excellent situation; but you know, sir, that it is not equal to my expenses. I like society—to treat my friends handsomely. I am addicted to play; *enfin j'ai une petite manie*; and you must be aware, Prince, that all these things considered, your wages are not sufficient.' 'Good,' said the Prince, 'this is precisely the point to which I hoped to bring you. Tell me how much all this costs you over and above what I give you, and I will make up the difference; only do not rob me.' The cook laid his hand upon his heart for a minute, and looking with an affectionate, and even grateful expression towards his master, replied in a suppressed sigh, '*Non, Monseigneur, je préfère de vous voler*.' Having said this, he burst into tears, and hid his face in a cotton handkerchief."

But neither London or Paris must detain us, and we shall therefore start for Poland, and thence proceed to Odessa. We need not, perhaps have travelled so far to find the original of the following:—

"He was a great politician, and one of the old school. He was averse to all kinds of innovations; he would not even listen to the voice of philanthropy, nor would he believe in the distresses of the poor, nor of the expediency of improving their condition, if the possibility even existed. He hated all public charities; never subscribed to any; nor had he any idea of such a science as political economy. He held in abhorrence all kind of machinery which tended to throw the manual labourer out of work. He pointed to his peasants, and asked me of what use manufactures could be to people who wore sheep's skins in winter, and whose wives wove them into linen dress for the summer? He would hear of no improvements in the breed of cattle. Little horses were better than large ones, because they were hardier and were more economically fed. As to the constitutions and charts, he believed them to be instituted for no other purpose than for impeding the progress of government. Notwithstanding all these illiberal ideas, he was a gentleman and a scholar, and a man of very considerable mental capacity. He had travelled all over Europe; had been in the United States, and was passionately fond of the English, of whose institutions he spoke with enthusiasm. If you spoke to him of the French he got red all over, and was threatened with apoplexy."

Here is a whole-length portrait of an English musician, stumbled on in Aus-

trian Poland. It is true to the life, and will be recognised in a moment by many persons:—

"So disgusted was he with the arbitrary system, and with the apparent poverty which seemed to surround him, that he could not contain himself, but launched out into execrations against the government, 'wishing that the Almighty might send an angel, with a flaming sword and a pair of fiery wings, to destroy them all.' This was uttered too in a coffee-house, and in public. It is singular how tolerant all foreigners are towards the English; how much they will bear from them, without being excited to anger; and how seldom even the most despotic governments take notice of their outrageous conduct. Whence is it that so much deference is paid them? Why are they to escape whole, when for similar offences a Frenchman or an Italian would be put in prison? 'Pshaw, it is only an Englishman; when he has sworn himself easy, there is no more harm in him. He has no idea of intriguing or interfering with the government itself. He curses his own all day long. Allow him the privilege of doing as much for others. Whether such be the reasoning I know not, but certain it is that an Englishman will get into a scrape, and out of a scrape, sooner than any man of any nation; and he asserts his right to liberty of speech so strenuously, that he persuades others that it is useless to attempt to restrain him. So it was with my countryman. He had been disappointed in his expectations, so that the measure of his wrath was full. He had quitted Florence, where he had resided for some years, with the idea of making a fortune in Russia; and imagined that, by giving a concert in the different towns through which he passed, he should defray all his expenses, and fill his pockets into the bargain. Of all men in the world, however, he was the least likely to succeed in his undertakings; not but that he was a first-rate musician, but he seemed to think that, as such, everybody should show, by their submission to his eccentricities, how they appreciated his talents. As to his condescending to be civil to anybody, no such idea entered his head. He treated all alike, and he would tell a princess to open her mouth wider, and not squall like a peacock, where another music-master would have hardly ventured to have intruded a suggestion. As a teacher for children he was inimitable, for he never passed over the slightest fault, and he either made them learn, or he broke their hearts. It happened that his wife was taken ill during my stay in Lemberg, and he begged me to see her. She was a striking contrast to himself; a mild, placid woman, who, having in vain endeavoured to cure her husband of his impolitic conduct, gave it up as hopeless, and now, making a virtue of necessity, laughed at the very things which perhaps had formerly made her weep."

Subsequently, at Odessa, the writer observes:

"Here we again met with the English musician, and as he lodged in our immediate neighbourhood, I had frequent opportunities of seeing him. I had ill-judged him in my first interview, for I found his manners so repulsive that I had little inclination to cultivate his acquaintance. I now had time to correct my error, and to make a friend of a travelling companion. I never met with a man of such honour, honesty, and high principle, who did so much injury to himself by the abruptness of his manners at first interview. This was the opinion of all who knew him in Odessa, *quel brave homme mais quel original*. All the asperities of his manners wore away by degrees, and the ore shone bright beneath. He was persuaded to give a concert, and this time he succeeded to his heart's content. The Empress herself was present. It went off with great éclat. The emoluments amounted but to a modicum, and in this respect he was disappointed; for, like myself, he had been led to believe that professional men could not fail to make their fortunes rapidly in Russia; but if such things have happened, the times had passed before the musician and myself had tried the experiment. The pagoda tree had been plucked of its fruit—nay, the branches even well shaken. He, like myself, had been deceived by the profuseness and liberality of the Russian and Polish nobility abroad, expecting to find them maintain the same character in their own country. This was our fault, and not theirs. After all, perhaps, we have had our deserts, for what right have Englishmen to suppose that they shall be rewarded in foreign lands so much above what their merits entitle them to at home? as one of my colleagues has expressed himself, *Soyons de bonne foi*. Should I ever again meet with my musical friend, I should be inclined to say with Cassius,

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves."

We regret to add, that he never can meet with his musical friend again—he died in London about four or five years since.

At Brody we have another portrait worth adding to our gallery:—

"During our stay in Brody, we were lodged in an old and dilapidated castle, once capable of defence, the former residence of Count —, to whom, indeed, the whole town itself belonged. He had lately paid the debt of nature, and died in the bed which he had not quitted for many years previous. He was an eccentric character, but a man of talent and information; and though rational upon all other points, he seemed to be hardly so upon one, which was an idea of living longer by always remaining in bed. He actually lived, not merely in his chamber, but in his bed, for many years of his life, and his greatest consolation was derived from reading accounts in the papers of people dying by falling off their horses, or by the upsetting of carriages, or by bathing in the river, or by congestions of blood to the head from over exertion in walking, in running, jumping, &c. &c. He hugged himself upon the perusal of such accounts, and congratulated himself that such accidents could not happen to him. He received his guests as regularly as at any former period of his life, for no infirmity of the body compelled him to adopt this resolution. He read, wrote, took his meals, and lived, in fact, more comfortably in his bed, than Diogenes in his tub. He was no cynic, no sectarian, no philosopher; he was only known by the name of the Count who always lived in bed."

We shall now let our author give an account of a dinner at the Countess —, a niece of the famous Potemkin:—

"The dining room was not better furnished than the parlour; the walls were bare. There was a long table covered with a clean coarse cloth, and nothing enumbered it but a bottle of champagne opposite the hostess's plate, and a bottle of Don wine at each end of the table. About fifteen guests sat down to dinner. If I was surprised at the dinner service, my astonishment was still greater when the dinner was served; and I committed my observations to paper after the repast. Behind each person stood a servant, not dressed in the most splendid livery. The dinner commenced by slices of cold ham handed round in a dish; then a cold *pâté* of the livers of geese; then a salad consisting of craw fish, garnished with slices of beet root, and, lastly, some thin slices of Parmesan cheese. Being myself fond of cold meats, I congratulated myself upon having made a good dinner, that I could have devoured more with pleasure; but as I saw the other guests help themselves sparingly, I could but follow their example. I was about to ask for a third slice of bread, having consumed the two portions of white and brown which were placed before me, when I opened the eyes of astonishment upon the entry of the soup. Not knowing how to act, I watched the operations of the Countess, thinking that I could not do wrong

if I followed her example. I despatched a plate full of craw fish soup, than which I never tasted anything more exquisite, and seeing the hostess qualify it with a glass of wine, I filled my glass from a bottle near me; the doctor's place being, as I have before observed, at the end of the table. Whether she perceived any wryness in my face, as I gulped down the sour wine, I know not, but she ordered the man behind her chair to put beer, and kvass upon the board, and immediately a bottle of each was placed before me. I partook of both during the repast, but they were not to my taste. I now found a large sirloin of beef at my left shoulder. The Countess had already helped herself very plentifully, but, after having tasted a mouthful or two, she sent her plate away, which she did with two-thirds of the dishes. I found that a favourite servant enjoyed the privilege of eating off her mistress's plate, who was now employed in groping with her fork in a black earthenware jug, from the top of which a bladder had been partially removed, to pick out some stewed kidneys, which she consumed with a peculiar gusto. This dish was not handed round. Some buckwheat, boiled, and served up with cold butter in a saucer, followed the beef. I took the liberty of allowing this dish to pass, having indeed dined before the arrival of the soup: as I saw in what way the hostess treated her platefuls, I was easy upon this score. The next temptation presented itself in the shape of stewed carp, of which I partook, but they had the real muddy taste of the species; they were well dressed, and seemed to be approved. Had the wine been better, it might have stimulated my stomach to a little longer warfare; as it was, I was quite *hors du combat*, and saw with pleasure what I supposed to be the last dish, in some chickens stuffed with parsley. I had often heard that eating and drinking to excess were very hard labour, and I seemed to be proving the truth of the adage; the chickens being handed to me, I summoned up courage and took a wing to play with; and on my plate being removed, I found a plum pudding at my elbow. Not venturing to attack this dish (the *mehlspeise* of the Germans,) another was presented, consisting of fine asparagus covered with a sweet sauce. I had no alternative but to die of an apoplexy, or cease to eat altogether. I preferred the latter. I had now only to gaze and wonder at the capacity of the guests' stomachs, most of whom partook of every dish which was presented them, and many asked me why I did not eat. The asparagus was succeeded by an immense joint of roast veal, served with salad, and the repast was terminated by a pile of cold craw fish, which were picked and eaten as a kind of *passé temps*. Little conversation, or only monosyllabic dialogues, enlivened the meal."

AN ARMY OF LOCUSTS.

We now proceed on our journey:—

"It was about three o'clock, or perhaps a little later; and in the distance was a hill, the only elevation we had seen since we left Lemberg. I was riding upon the outside of the calash, reading a book, and as we rolled slowly along I perceived a large black cloud lying upon the top of the hill. I first thought it betokened a thunder-storm, a daily occurrence during the whole of our journey. I was, however, struck with the motion of the cloud, which seemed to assume all shapes, lengthening and contracting, and throwing itself into various contortions. I knew not to what this could be attributable, but of course immediately referred it to the usual and unerring cause which accounts for all physical phenomena—*electricity*. As I was still gazing upon it, the calash suddenly stopped, and Count —, who was in the van, beckoned me to him. 'Do you see that large black cloud in the distance, Doctor?' I have been watching it for some time, I answered. 'Well, what do you think it is?' It is not difficult to say what it is, but I am puzzling my brains to find out what causes it to make such evolutions; and as I spoke, it suddenly tapered into a long string. 'Now look at them,' said the Count. 'These are the locusts upon wing. I hardly ever saw such an army in the air. We shall hear what devastation they have done before we get to Odessa. Woe to him on whose fields they alight—not a green thing will remain.'"

The party soon reached Severinowka, but the locusts were before them. They dined with the Count's uncle, who was to give them "forty different kinds of wine to drink, and thirty-nine of them detestable," according to the promise of the Doctor's patient. But Ceres was in such danger, that we hear little of Bacchus. The "thin, spare, and feeble old man," showed the Count and the Physician not into the cellar, but into the garden:—

"It is almost impossible to hope for credence from those who had not been eye-witnesses of the sight which the garden presented. The whole of the surface was covered, ankle deep, with these insects, clamouring pell-mell over each other, but all proceeding in the same direction. They did not allow us to tread upon them, but, on our approach, rose on wing with a whizzing noise, and flying forwards over the heads of the main body, settled down again in the vanguard over the body of their army. This is the manner in which they alight from the wing; the first rank pitches upon the ground, and the others do not follow the train, but precede it, alighting one before the other, so that the rearguard in flight is the vanguard when they are upon the field. The sight of them upon the trees was most curious. The branches were bent to the ground by the incumbent weight, and the Italian poplars resembled weeping willows, from their lighter branches being reversed by the weight of the locusts. Several trees were already completely bared, for the insect destroys much more than it consumes. It gnaws the stem of the leaf, and not the body, so that the leaf drops upon the ground almost entire, its stalk only having been eaten. When the insects are browsing upon the trees, they are not so easily scared away by the appearance of man as when merely settled upon the ground; they hold fast to their food, and the boughs must be shaken before they will leave their hold. This was indeed a curious and amusing experiment, for it was something like magic to see a tree throw its branches up into the air, as soon as the locusts were shaken off. Their instruments of destruction must be very tough, for many is the stalk of a large sun-flower which I have seen gnawed through by these insects. They seem, indeed, to be particularly fond of the stalk of this flower, and as several are employed upon it at the same time, it soon breaks where the part is weakened by their gnawing; and it is curious to see the insects rise suddenly in the air when put to flight by this unexpected accident."

To this we shall append a few general remarks:—

"Volney has given an accurate description of these insects in his *Travels in Syria*, and mentioned several facts which I myself witnessed. He observes that they are accompanied in their flight by birds the size of a thrush, which devour them and make continual war against them. These birds are cherished by the peasants in Syria, and so they are by the people in this country. I have watched them for hours, but must confess I never saw them make much havoc in the ranks of the enemy. Some few would drop maimed upon the ground, but I never saw more than twenty of these birds at a time, and what could twenty do against millions? I think the destructive power of the birds has been overrated. As Volney observes, the locusts are sometimes carried by the wind towards the sea, and, being exhausted before they reach the opposite shore, fall dead into the deep, and are washed ashore by the tide, producing a foul infection. I have understood that this is also the case upon the borders of the Black Sea. When

they arrive in full force in a country which is at all populous, the inhabitants drive them away by making noises with marrow bones and cleavers, &c. They also burn straw, or sedge, or whatever light fuel they may possess, to smoke them out. All these efforts go but a little way to accomplish their end, for the locusts, driven from one field, proceed to another; and wherever they appear, it may be truly said, in the language of Scripture, that 'The land is before them as the Garden of Eden, and behind them a desolate wilderness.' It is more easy to destroy them in their yet imperfect state, or before they have wings. They walk along the ground in myriads before they can fly, and always proceed *en masse*, in one direction; their march is very slow, and they do not skip as grasshoppers do. The French word, *sauterelle*, is certainly a misnomer. In our route to Severinowka, we saw great quantities of them along the roadside, in a direct line of march. At this period it is possible to destroy great numbers by preceding them and cutting deep trenches across their path; they all walk into the trench, where they find lighted straw to receive and consume them. This is a common and most effectual way. Upon the same principle, a person in Odessa invented a kind of long iron roller, which was to be dragged with horses at full pace over their marching armies. All the means, however, resorted to at present, are more plausible than effectual, and have only destroyed the hundreds, to see the millions vanquish. * * * It is asserted that when they have devoured all that is green upon the earth, and are unable to procure more food, they are pushed by hunger to prey upon each other; the weak and the wounded thus feed the strong, as is the case with quadrupeds under similar pressure of want. The same cause which compels them to consume each other, has often compelled the inhabitants of Syria, in cases of famine, to consume them. They actually grind the dried bodies of the locusts, and knead them into a cake. Hunger will break through stone walls, and locusts and human bones have been found preferable to starvation; and this may be understood by those who have felt what hunger is. But to eat locusts by choice, when corn, wine, and oil are in abundance, appears almost incredible. We must at least say that it is very bad taste. Yet I knew a nobleman, of high rank and consideration, who repaired to Syria, and dressed and lived as the natives. But he wished to imitate St. John in the wilderness, and amused himself by eating these insects and wild honey; a more disgusting mouthful cannot be well imagined than one of these long, horny, scaly insects, from whose mouth oozes, upon the least pressure, a viscid fluid of the colour of treacle. We were conversing upon the history of locusts, and lamenting the ravages which they committed, when the steward was announced. He came to report upon the mischief they had done upon the estate. He informed us that the whole crop was destroyed, and that, for the distance of several versts, not a head of corn was to be found upon the stalk; every ear of it had been gnawed off by these destructive insects."

We may return to these volumes again.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—KING OF THE FRENCH.

ACCOMPANIED BY A PORTRAIT.

King of *The French*! We are satisfied by this very expression that ghosts are no longer permitted to visit "the glimpses of the Moon," for, if they could, the spirit of the *grand monarque*, Louis XIV., would destroy the slumbers of every man in France. What! The people no longer concentrating all their glory in the splendour of their King;—the King no longer considering himself the point from which all glory radiates! What! No longer King of country, but King of *the People*! This is indeed a moral no less than a political revolution; and it is not the less salutary that a lineal descendant of the ancient royal blood of France is the chief magistrate of her citizens; for, although they no more pay blind obedience, they will not the less eagerly rally around the race of those to whom, for nearly a thousand years, their progenitors have acknowledged fealty and love.

It would be an absurd attempt to crowd into the very limited space which can here be afforded, a memoir of so eventful a life as that of the King of the French; and, besides, so many good, tolerable, and indifferent memoirs of this distinguished prince have already appeared, that we shall not attempt to add an unnecessary unit to the amount. It may, however, be acceptable to trace with a rapid hand the line of French monarchs from which he is descended, and to shew, even on the ground of hereditary right, that he is entitled to the throne which he graces, after the previous family had been dispossessed by *the People*—the real source of all earthly power.

Our readers will remember, that the descendants of Charlemagne greatly degenerated from the vigorous and active conduct of their ancestor, and became the mere tools of the "Maires du palais." Hugh Capet, surnamed The Great, who was Count of Paris, and held the office just alluded to, was all-powerful in his day; at the death of Louis V., Hugh, son of Hugh the Great, was elected King by the Army, A.D. 987, and the line of Capet in lineal and direct descent continued till the year 1328, when it terminated in the person of Charles IV., surnamed *Le Bel*. Then came the house of Valois, a younger branch of the Capets, originating two generations before their accession to the throne. The direct succession of this House terminated in 1498 with Charles VIII., and from that stock came three branches, viz.:—1. That of Valois Orleans descended from Charles V., and being the elder branch of the first Duke of Orleans, and of whom there was but one monarch; 2. That of Valois Angouleme, being a younger branch of the same Duke, and which continued to possess the throne until the murder of Henri III., in 1589; 3. That of Valois Bourbon, a still younger but lineal branch of the house of Capet, and which had its origin with that of Valois itself. This branch commenced with the great Henri IV., and continued in the direct line till the expulsion of Charles X. in 1830, when his present Majesty the nearest relative of the house, out of that line, was elected to the throne under the new title of "King of the French." The ancestor of Louis Philippe, and the source of his claim by blood, was Philip next brother to Louis XIV., surnamed *Le Grand*. Thus then he is the fit representative of the royal line of France, that of Bourbon being exiled.

There is a remarkable coincidence between the succession of Louis Philippe in France, and that of Brunswick in England. A Stuart was beheaded by his subjects, but after a time the family was restored to the throne; from which they were finally driven on account of their political imbecility and obstinacy, to be succeeded by the nearest collateral branch of their house. A Valois Bour-

bon was beheaded by his subjects, but after a time the family was restored to the throne; from which they were finally driven on account of their political imbecility and obstinacy, to be succeeded by the nearest collateral branch of their house. The same words tell the story of both.

It is well known that his Majesty is the son of a bad father, but fortunately the pursuits of that father were too manifold, and occupied him too greatly, to allow him time to warp the disposition of his son; consequently, whilst Philippe Egalité was eagerly plotting the downfall of his own family, the future king, Louis Philippe, continued faithful to his allegiance, and acted in the royal cause. For this he was obliged, while yet little more than a youth, to retreat with Dumouriez; for this he was obliged to wander through the northern states of Europe under a doubtful and precarious incognito; for this he had to make his escape to America under the disreputable suspicion of the captain who took him out; for this he had to wander through the States of this Union, and afterwards run the risk of a voyage to the Mediterranean; in all which time the independence of his spirit was such that he did not disdain to exercise his talents when necessary, for his support.

Even in exile the virtues of this prince procured for him a royal alliance, and what is seldom the case in such marriages, an alliance of affection also. It is well ascertained that the domestic happiness of the King and Queen of the French is as great as can be found in private life.

Of course he continued an exile until the return of the Bourbons, to whose cause and fortunes he was steadfastly allied. With their recall to the throne of their ancestors, he resumed his rank and station in France; nor did he perhaps ever dream of such an event as his elevation to the throne, until the Revolution of "The Three Days" in 1830, completely changed the current of events; and, whilst it placed him in one of the most delicate as well as most responsible situations in which a human being can be placed, it gave opportunity to exhibit in him the great qualities which have been fostered, if not produced, in the school of adversity.

Louis Philippe did not ascend the throne of France as either its usurper or as the conqueror of the land. He had not dazzled the eyes of the people by the splendour of his arms, or astonished them by the profundity of his policy. No, the people of France beheld an insensate yet feeble branch of the royal house passing rapidly into the ridiculous maxims of their ancestors, and their enlightenment during the troubles of the last forty years could not be so extinguished. They had learned that all *must not be* for the glory of the French monarchy, for that the People were the *source* of all power. They elected in Louis Philippe a *Chief Magistrate*, to rule under constituted authority, and they disturbed, as little as possible, that law of succession which contributes so greatly to the internal tranquillity of kingdoms.

That they were fortunate in their selection is evident from the issue, for the king has held both the sceptre and the balance with a steady hand. He has been in reality what he is frequently styled—by many with admiration, by a few, sneeringly—"The man of the People." Clear-sighted, sagacious, prudent and firm, he has fixed wavering spirits, and has checked undue vivacity of character. He has been a moderator among others, whilst he has pursued generally an even course himself. He has had to steer his course among Carlists, Napoleonists, Democrats, and moderate Monarchists; he has had to sustain the dignity of France among nations, without involving her madly in wars which would have been her and his undoing; and Divine Providence seems to have held him up to observation by making him the mark for almost innumerable assassins, without permitting one to injure a hair of his head.

Such a man and such a King is Louis Philippe. Doubtless political feeling, prejudice, or malice, could paint the picture with very different colours from those which we have used. We do not pretend to infallibility of judgment, but assert only the candour of our opinion. As he is the first of a dynasty reigning in France as a King under a constitution, and as having to settle down all the incongruous elements which a revolutionary war of forty years had raised up, these also consisting of atheism, anarchy, and all the foul herd of crimes which thereunto belong; he rises in our opinion to the character of a *wonderful man*; and we have not a doubt that he will be considered a *great* one in succeeding generations.

CAPABILITIES OF THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

From the Athenæum.

The slowness to believe in the capabilities of the locomotive engine, exhibited by the engineers of Great Britain, is truly surprising. This is the more surprising, as means for making the experiment have never been wanting, since the earliest coal railways, with the rudest locomotives, were at work at Newcastle, in Scotland, and in Wales. What is more remarkable in the locomotive engine is its astonishing power of adapting itself to circumstances! of varying its exertions according to the work to be done! of straining every nerve (bolt?) to encounter and conquer a difficulty! of its power of extraordinary exertion in an emergency! It is difficult at first thought for any one to conceive this versatility of energy, especially one who has never handled the wonderful creature. It is well known to the intelligent driver; and, indeed, much of the success of the engine in an effort and in general work depends on the handling and the management,—the "feeding," the "watering,"—now keeping her by the head, now letting her out, now spurring, and occasionally running her to her utmost, taking care above all, as with a good steed, never to run her out of breath, to keep her well in check at the starting, never to let her take too much water at a time, and a sufficient interval between her feeds, and especially never to overfeed before hard work. In short, the wagoner must thoroughly understand the character of his individual engine, and the nature of the line and the work, to do his engine any justice; and an unskilful driver will cost his employer more in one day than his wages will cover in a year: hence he should be well kept, well paid, and moderately worked. But, with such a driver, it is wonderful what an engine will accomplish. First, as regards speed, the locomotive engine has a power of adaptation. Let us conceive an engine starting, with a train behind her, and going along steadily at fifteen miles an hour, a slow pace; it will require all the steam she then produces to maintain that pace, and she will

manifest no capability of going faster. In short she will consume all the steam she has the power of producing at that pace, and, therefore, to all appearance and to all reason, she has attained her maximum speed, and can go no faster; nor would an ignorant engineer ever imagine it possible she could do more. But now comes the art, and its effect. The driver prepares his steed for the race: he gets the fire into a general glow, except just round the margin, where he lays the fresh coke; he regulates the water until just the proper quantity, but rather a full charge, is in the gauge, and waits till the steam is just strong enough to raise the valve. Now for the race: he slacks the rein (valve) a little, and off bounds the steed with increasing strength and speed, and, of course, with a much more rapid expenditure of steam, so that the supply of the boiler would manifestly be soon completely exhausted, and the store being expended the speed would soon relax; but this does not happen; on the contrary, the steam increases in supply more rapidly, or, at least, as rapidly, as it is carried off, so that instead of the boiler being emptied by the rapid process of exhaustion, it is just the reverse: that is, the more rapidly it is emptied, the fuller does it become; the more it has to do, the greater its speed, the greater its ability to sustain that speed. The paradox is explained thus: and this is one of the wonderful qualities and contrivances of the structure of the locomotive engine, from which it derives its great value as a worker of railway labour, that its powers of exertion and production are developed in precise proportion to the demand for exertion. The contrivance for this purpose is, like most valuable inventions, simple in proportion to its value. There is a contrivance for blowing the fire. This contrivance is automatic; that is,—the engine blows the fire of itself. Let us call this apparatus the blast. This blast operates by puffs; and these puffs are so regulated that, when the machine is in motion, the air shall be blown into the fire by one puff for every four feet of distance over which the engine travels. When the engine, therefore, travels over one mile, the fire receives 1,320 puffs. Now each puff carries into the fire a certain quantity of oxygen to sustain the combustion, and this supply of oxygen is a proximate cause of the production of heat by the fire, and, indeed, an approximate measure of the quantity of heat produced; double the quantity of air, therefore, properly applied, will give double the quantity of oxygen, and, of course, double the quantity of heat. Therefore, if each puff force into the fire a given quantity of air with its oxygen, a double number of puffs per minute will give a double supply of heat, and will generate double the quantity of steam, and give out in a minute double the quantity of work. Suppose, now, that an engine starts with a speed of one mile an hour, it will make only about one puff of air into the furnace in three seconds of time; at three miles an hour it will make a puff every second of time, or rather 66 puffs per minute, and will advance about 4½ feet per second; at twelve miles an hour it will advance 18 feet per second, and make 264 puffs per minute; and at twenty-four miles an hour, it will make a bound forward of 12 yards in every second of time, but in each second of time it will also make 9 puffs, or 528 puffs per minute. By this contrivance of making the puffs of the blast apparatus regulated not by an independent cause, but directly by the speed of the engine, or the quantity of steam it requires, which is as the speed, there is given to the locomotive that faculty, by which its means of generating the strength increases along with the demand for that strength. It was otherwise in the early locomotive engines; they were, in this respect, like the common engines of a steam-boat, or like the common steam engines fixed on land; these engines have a chimney, the height of which measures the draught, and it has no connexion whatever with the number of strokes of work that may be required of the engine. They will only burn a given amount of fuel, and raise a given quantity of steam, and do a given quantity of work per day, whatever be the accidental necessities of the case. But for this beautiful contrivance, the locomotive engine would have been an inert, plodding machine, like any commonplace engine. It is this wonderful power to increase and multiply its powers of performance with the emergency that demands them which has made the giant engine the noblest creation of human wit, the very lion among machines. With this wonderful capacity, it may be truly said, that danger and expense are the only known limits of railway speed.

We have said that want of faith in the capabilities of the locomotive engine has formed one important item in the expense of the English railway system. Engineers set out in their railway career with the impression, that the locomotive was ill calculated to climb up hill with its load, and that, therefore, to work with advantage, it must work on lines either altogether level or nearly so: hence mountains required to be levelled, valleys filled up, tunnels pierced through rocks, and viaducts reared in the air; gigantic works at a gigantic cost, all for the purpose of enabling the engine to travel along a dead level, or nearly so. But here, again, was want of faith in the powers of the locomotive engine. The locomotive engine can climb the mountain side as well as career along the plain; for here, also, its wonderful quality of increasing its efforts with the emergency comes into play. We have already seen how, in running along the level, the engine's powers of production increase with the demand for them, and the supply of steam increases in proportion to the speed of the engine; but so also does the power of propulsion increase with the load to be dragged or with the steepness of the incline to be ascended. In proportion as the load is increased does the elasticity of the steam, as it issues from the engine, increase, and thereby is the strength of the blast which blows the fire so increased as to generate more steam, and stronger in proportion to the severity of the work to be done. Thus the locomotive engine has been found capable of ascending hills of rapid inclination. A slope rising one yard in 229 or eight yards in a mile has been found hardly of sensible disadvantage in a railway; double that, or 48 or 50 feet in a mile, is quite practicable; and the Parliamentary slope of a common road, one foot in 36, is by no means impossible to the wonderful powers of our present improved locomotive engines. It should, therefore, cease to be deemed impossible to adapt railroads to the face of the country. Those enormous works may be dispensed with, or greatly diminished, which were made for the purpose of making the way practicable to the locomotive engine; and the enormous expense which this erroneous view, this want of faith, has cost us in the past may be saved us in the future. Engineers must resign their crotchets about optimum gradients, must cut their roads, as their tailors do their coats, according to their cloth, and give to such places as will not pay for an optimum railway such a railway as their means can afford or their traffic warrant. Instead of going through the mountain, they must go over it, or round its base, as they best can. We can no longer afford to erect costly monuments of the talent or ambition of engineers: we want plain, useful, profitable railroads for the carriers of our goods and the drivers of our coaches: we want a fair speed and a moderate price, and that is all we wanted or should have had from the beginning; by which means we might now have had double the length of line and a much larger revenue for the present amount of national expenditure.

A child was poisoned lately by sucking the tops of lucifer matches, and imbibing the phosphorus.

PAINTING.—ON COLOUR.

From Professor Howard's Lectures at the Royal Academy.

Design and Chiaroscuro, are in themselves sufficient to enable the painter to tell a story or convey a sentiment with considerable effect, and may, therefore, be regarded as the true basis of our art; but to develop all its capabilities, to complete its illusive power, and present it in its utmost beauty, there is still wanting the important element of Colour, to which I invite your attention.

Colour seems to be an exclusively ornamental quality; we find it scattered through all the classes of nature, animate and inanimate, decking with tints of equal brilliance the shell, the flower, the gem, birds, beasts, and reptiles, as well as the clouds which attend upon the rising and setting sun, and with no apparent use but that of cheering and delighting mankind with a perpetual display of splendour and magnificence. This bountiful provision of nature has the power of imparting a charm to things the most trivial and otherwise unattractive, and thus furnishes the painter with ready and inexhaustible resources for the embellishment of his subject, of what kind soever it may be.

Colour, like Chiaroscuro, may be treated of either as a property to be found in the local hues of illuminated objects in general, that is, as merely imitative, or as it forms a part of that ideal whole, which he has conceived in his own mind, and seeks to call into existence on his canvas, and is altogether inventive or theoretical.

The inventive part of colouring (to which I shall at present confine myself) includes a consideration of the quantities, arrangement and harmony of the colours employed in the composition of a picture.

Whether colour is an inherent quality in bodies, or how their surfaces dissect the light, and reflect or refract the innumerable hues of which it appears to be composed, is perhaps not yet satisfactorily determined. It is, however, admitted, that light consists of but three original colours, red, yellow, and blue, from which all others proceed,—the orange, green, indigo, and violet, being formed from an admixture of the primary colours, between which they are to be found in the rainbow, or may be shown by the prism. Of these the red is most intense, and seems to be pre-eminently colour, which becomes yellow in the light and blue in the dark part of the ray, (exhibiting the natural union of colour with chiaroscuro). Painters have agreed to call red and yellow, and their mixtures, warm colours; and blue, and those tints of which the larger portion is blue, cold colours; the presence of all three, either in a pure or compounded state, is indispensable to harmony; and the allotting to each its due quantity and relative position, are points of the first importance in the colouring of a picture.

The simplest mode of harmony is where one of the three primary colours is pure, and the other two are combined; as when red in due quantity and tone, is opposed to green, yellow to purple, or blue to orange. The fullest and richest harmony is when the prismatic hues are all displayed together. In either of these cases there is the just proportion of cold colour necessary to balance the warm.

It would seem to follow, that to produce an agreeable effect of light in painting, the same proportion of warm and cold colour should be adopted, as we perceive in a dissected solar ray; but besides that these proportions do not appear to have been very accurately ascertained, we shall not, I think, find this principle constantly observed in the works of the best colourists. Reynolds inculcated a general diffusion of warm colours, with only so much cold intermingled as may serve to give it variety; and this seems to have been the more usual practice of Titian, Rubens, and other great authorities. Various opinions have been entertained as to the relative situations which the different colours should occupy in a picture. Some have thought that the most perfect, or even the only model, for the purpose, is to be found in the rainbow; and this was strongly insisted on by the President West, who, in the latter part of his life, had given much attention to colouring, and whose judgment at all times well deserved consideration. According to him, the red should be placed on the side on which the light enters, then the orange, yellow, green, and so on; but this order, however agreeable, would, if always followed, inevitably give to all pictures the same general aspect; and as we find this arrangement, in nature, only in the rainbow itself, and in a few accidental effects, we are at least entitled to doubt the necessity of adhering to it on all occasions; and also to question if some of the fine pictures of the best colourists would have gained by being more in conformity with Mr. West's system.

But let us refer at once to the practice of the most approved masters in this branch of the art, from whose works alone a safe conclusion may be deduced.

As my wish in these Lectures is to convey to the students useful suggestions and information, rather than to indulge in discursive speculations, I shall not dilate on what has been affirmed or conjectured of the colouring of the ancients.

The specimens left us of these paintings are so few and inconsiderable, as to supply us only with vague and uncertain notions of the extent of their skill in this particular. All that can be collected from their writers, seems to prove that they either knew not, or disregarded that complicated harmony of colours, which characterizes Modern Art. In the imitative part it cannot reasonably be doubted that they excelled as much in colour, as we are sure they did in design; and many of the specimens remaining possess the qualities of breadth, purity, and truth of tone in an eminent degree. But I shall begin my examination of the rise and progress of colouring, as a technical element of painting, with the great painter and philosopher who may be called the Founder of Modern Art, Leonardo da Vinci. This extraordinary man was not only the first who unfolded the principles of chiaroscuro, but he also anticipated Newton in discovering the threefold colour of light; and although, from the effects of time, or from the use of some pigment which has unfortunately changed, the shadows of his pictures have generally become too dark, many of his works show that he had made great progress in the path which he had so happily opened.

The copy above me, from the "Last Supper," exhibits portions of very refined and beautiful colour, which may be fairly supposed to have belonged to the original, in at least an equal degree,—possibly some passages in it may have been executed by Leonardo himself. In the St. John, and the neck of Judas, there is a great feeling of tone, and the arrangement of colours, though not prismatic, is very agreeable and harmonious; the distribution of the warm and cold tints, throughout highly skilful, finely varied and proportioned, with sufficient breadth and point.

So intimately is colouring connected with chiaroscuro, that in adverting to those who have led the way to excellence in this bright track, I may repeat the names of Fra Bartolomeo, Giorgione, and Correggio, as equally excelling in both. Raffaele, though he rarely courted them, was by no means deficient in either. His "Miracle of Bolsena" is a convincing proof of his fine perception of rich and harmonious tones.

But the great artist who stands at the head of the Venetian school, Titian, seems to have been the first to comprehend the true nature of this element of painting, and to establish a theory of colouring on sound philosophical principles. In the imitative part, he applied to colour the same system on which the Greeks

had founded style in the treatment of form. Excluding whatever was accidental or peculiar, and preserving only its essential and permanent qualities, he purified it from all that was vulgar and unharmonious in tone, gave predominance to the local hues, and raised it from a mere servile copy of individual models to an ideal perfection, impressing on it the stamp of *general nature* in her several classes, with a truth and simplicity unknown before.

He fully perceived also its extensive capability as an inventive element of Painting. His usual treatment was that of spreading a succession of rich warm tints through the picture (both lights and darks), and giving value to these by intermingling portions of decided blue between the two. These blues appear the more brilliant and effective from the warm tints that surround them and are artfully infused into their shadows. He seems invariably to subordinate everything to his carnations; to keep which as pure and broad as possible, he adopted fainter shadows than Tintoretto or Giorgione, and made out his *chiaroscuro*, by light and dark local colours; reducing his whites to a pearly tint to increase the brightness of his flesh; enveloping and uniting all the lights in a flood of golden radiance, supported by warm draperies, which gives his pictures the glow and harmony of objects seen by a setting sun—*Colour* soon became his predominant aim, and this fascinating part of the art seduced him from the cultivation of powers, which (as he has occasionally shown) might have enabled him to cope with the great designers of the Roman school. In proof, I need but refer to the St. Peter Martyr, and those fine compositions on the ceiling of the Salute at Venice. How far he may have erred in the preference he thus gave to colour, or whether his fame would have been as great as it is had he chosen differently, it were vain to inquire. The art, at least, has probably been a gainer by the course he adopted, and is, perhaps, indebted to him for sound principles of colouring, in which it might otherwise still be deficient.

This country fortunately possesses many fine specimens of his talents to which I may refer you.

The "Ganymede," in our National Gallery, exhibits a taste in colour quite in accordance with the grand character of the composition; sufficiently picturesque in tone, but extremely simple. His "Venus and Adonis," in the same collection, is also a fine work in all other respects, as well as in colour, and evidently the production of his ripened knowledge. His "Bacchus and Ariadne," also in the National Gallery, well deserves the student's close examination; he will observe in it a larger portion of strong blue than is usual in Titian's later works (perhaps occasioned by the ultramarine having retained its purity in a greater degree than the other pigments he employed). The carnations are in consequence, particularly rich and glowing. This picture is also a model for careful and elaborate execution. In the Bridgewater collection is a picture of an earlier period, by this great artist, called the "Three Ages," which, by the favour of its noble and liberal owner, was lately before the students in the Painting School—a work as pure in sentiment as in colour, and equally admirable for its exquisite feeling as for the suavity and truth of its hues;—and in the same collection, the half figure of "Venus in the sea," is not inferior in taste, both of colour and drawing to anything he ever produced.

His "Actæon," also in the same collection, shows the maturer treatment, but less finished workmanship of a consummate colourist. I shall advert but to one more specimen of this great master's pencil, which, though not in this country, has probably been seen by many of my audience; I mean his "Christ crowned with thorns," now in the Louvre; one of the most brilliant examples of his pictorial skill, and painted in the zenith of his powers. The prevailing tone of the picture arises from an extended mass of iron-grey colour in the background, which is brought into the front by a figure in mail armour of a similar tone; this gives a stern and gloomy air to the whole, very suitable to the pathetic character of the subject; to balance this quantity of cold and sombre tint, a sufficient portion of very rich warm colour is introduced in the foreground parts;—the focus of light and colour is on the right thigh of the principal figure, where are assembled golden flesh, bright crimson, and blue—the yellow shirt of the figure on the left, and the crimson robe, support and spread the group of rich tints about the centre, and by this management the picture is entirely rescued from monotony and heaviness. Nothing can be more admirable in colour and appropriate effect. This work was so highly admired at its first appearance, as to attract many of Titian's scholars, and other artists from different parts of Italy, to settle at Milan for the purpose of studying it.

I pass by Tintoretto from the want of examples near enough to refer to, of his vigorous colour combined with the fiercest *chiaroscuro*.

Two productions of this master may be seen at Hampton Court, which are below his usual standard. Of Giorgione, we have a few smaller specimens in this country, which are very conclusive evidence of his possessing *chiaroscuro* and colour, in the happiest union, together with a beautiful sentiment that characterizes his works in general. A figure of Temperance, in the possession of the Academy, is a graceful specimen of the talents of this rare artist, whose early death has probably deprived the world of many admirable productions.

Paolo Veronese seems to have made Titian his model in colour and effect, which he employed, however, with an unbridled luxuriance of imagination, and rendered decidedly paramount over all the other qualities of his art. And it must be admitted that in the brilliance and beauty of his hues, as well as in the adaptation of his colouring to large decorative compositions, he has never been surpassed. A fine specimen of the great purity, and freshness of his colour may be seen in his "Mercury and Herse" in the Fitzwilliam Collection, at Cambridge.

Of his larger works "The Marriage of Cana," now in the Louvre, has always been the theme of admiration, in its particular class. Having had an opportunity of devoting an attentive consideration to this picture in its present situation (where it has, no doubt, been seen by many of my audience), I shall lay before you the result of my remarks upon it. The story of this immense work is lost in the splendour and *bizarrie* of the banquet. Its real subject is properly colour, and magnificence, to which all other meaning is made subservient. It may be considered as a large nosegay, in which the light and dark—the warm and cold tints—are arranged and intermingled with admirable skill, effect, and harmony, without offering any predominate mass, unless it be the large portion of light in the sky. The composition is connected by a symmetrical arrangement of architecture, reaching on each side from the bottom to the top. The light is brought down on the left by the marble columns and piles of plate to the table-cloth, and carried out below by means of some white in a dog, placed there for that purpose, just above which the painter has concentrated his richest colours, opposing the warm white of the table-cloth to bright, deep-toned fruits, and one of those light, figured dresses which he was so fond of introducing into the focus of his pictures. These contrivances are echoed rather more faintly in another figured drapery, and another cluster of rich colours: the lights are chiefly composed of positive white, flesh colour, and light yellows, immediately opposed by deep reds and blues, the reds varying from scarlet to violet. Every artifice is resorted to for the purpose of making out the *chiaroscuro* without much shadow: the dark heads and draperies of the line of figures at table

(crossing the composition horizontally) tell very decidedly against the bright light of the sky, the strong and extended blue of which makes the figures below appear rich and warm, though they are interspersed with so much of the blue of the sky, a little deepened, as was necessary to prevent heat and heaviness.—The middle tints throughout are produced by orange and red colours, gradually deepening into a cluster of darks on the right, which counterpoise the brilliancy of the left corner. These dark colours are carried though in a diagonal line to the top of the right side, where with the columns in shade they make up the *oscuroid* of the picture. The deep red of a figure in front (the chief mass of dark) is relieved against green, and rendered still more effective by the figure close to him in a yellow white dress, who is Paolo himself. It seems to have been a principle with him always to introduce white near yellow: to give the latter positive colour (and this is the case with Correggio also) green is interspersed in small quantities, (and generally as secondary to the yellows) to give brilliancy to the carnations. The largest mass of blue (out of the sky) is in a black figure sitting at the end of the table on the right, which contrasts vigorously with a stooping figure in yellow; and to complete the richness and harmony of colour at this point, a scarlet vest and staff are given to the figure above (perhaps the ruler of the feast); and a sparkle is here introduced by means of the glass held up by a boy sitting, in which you at length find you have stumbled on the miracle of the water changed into wine.

The figure in blue has also the further contrast of a bright orpiment sleeve. The upright figure in ornamented white vies in brilliancy with the left corner of the table, the glitter and richness of which it seems intended to echo, while it serves to negative and keep back the figures behind. All the tints of the picture tell distinctly, and almost as spots, which contributes much to its brilliancy. There is no attempt at blending light with light, and dark with dark, as in the systems of Correggio or Rubens, but breadth and continuity are effected by detached portions of harmonizing colour. I have dwelt on this justly celebrated work, the rather as I know of none which displays more of chromatic ingenuity, or that better elucidates the principles of the ornamental Venetian school; and if the merits of any work are to be judged of by the skill with which the obvious aim of its author has been carried out, few pictures can be said to have been more completely successful than the "Marriage of Cana." It has fully accomplished its end, which was to fill an immense canvas with a rich combination of colour and effect, and to delight the eye rather than to afford occupation for the mind.

Correggio does not appear to have considered colour with that almost exclusive partiality which actuated Titian and Paolo, but he justly and feelingly appreciated its value as one of the great powers of the art, and has invariably made it contribute its due assistance in all his fascinating works. Among the variety of attractions presented in his "St. Jerome," it would be difficult to say which is the most engaging. They charm us individually, and in their union; in colouring not least. The "Notte" I have already spoken of, as displaying the poetry of colour and *chiaroscuro* in a degree amounting to the sublime. The specimens from the pencil of this rare artist which have lately been added to our National Gallery, enable those who have not had an opportunity of seeing his great works at Parma and Dresden, to form some estimate of his taste and skill as a colourist. From these, and all his other pictures, Correggio appears to have uniformly avoided a florid style of colour. They may both be considered as modulations in a minor key; even in the picture of "Venus, Mercury, and Cupid," which admitted of the more vivid colouring of the two, there is scarcely a larger portion of bright red than is to be found in the cheeks of the "Cupid." Flesh colour of different hues, finely opposed by a good deal of warm pale green, a cold deep red, light broken yellow, and a small quantity of blue, make up the harmony, and a little cluster of gay tints, light blue, yellow and red, on the wing of the Cupid, a sufficient vivacity and point to the delightful breadth of the work. In the "Ecce Homo" the carnations, also, give the leading tones; and though the crimson or purple robe in the centre of the picture is perhaps more vivid in colour than is well adapted to pathos, yet it was necessary as an historical part of the subject. It may be observed, too, that he has reduced the quantity of this tint as much as he could, and by a pentimento, which may be easily traced, has even taken away a part of what he at first thought desirable; in so doing, he has extended his mass of light, while, by means of the deep blue cloak of the imitable fainting mother, he has given solemnity to the general aspect of the picture which is strikingly impressive. The piece of white drapery is happily introduced to set off the colours, and is made use of, also, to detach, with particular spirit, the fingers of the Christ, where he seems to have thought it most convenient to produce the strongest effect of relief, the *punctum saliens*, of the picture, and to give a roundness and unity to the whole.

The genius of Rubens was not less conspicuous in colour, than in all the other parts of the Art; and he thoroughly incorporated into his system the principles of Venetian colour, with the *chiaroscuro* he had derived from Leonardo and Correggio. Happily we are possessed of many examples of his great power in this element of painting. His "Ixion," in the Marquis of Westminster's collection, has twice graced the Painting School for several months, and as it must still be in the recollection of many of the students, I am induced to offer a few observations upon this fine work. The invention is ingenious and poetical, the composition graceful and expressive, and it only wants some refinement in the drawing to make it in these respects complete; but refinement is not a characteristic of Rubens in any one branch of his art; and this remark will apply, though perhaps with minor force, to his colouring. Like Titian (on whose system his own is principally founded), he generally gave the chief attraction to his carnations, and they form a very considerable portion of this picture, varied in tone, and partly thrown into shadow; but they exhibit a peculiarity of treatment which we do not find in any other artist, excepting in some of his imitators: I allude to that decided separation of the flesh tints into distinct stripes, lying side by side (a dissection of the local colour, which is so remarkable in many of his works); his high lights are always yellow; next to those a bright rosy, or deep red, as the complexion required; then a strong grey tint, almost blue, running into a warm brown shadow, with still warmer reflections. These when viewed from a sufficient distance, whence they come in a blended state to the eye, acquire the tone and effect of nature, and gain in brilliancy from their crudeness; but when seen near, they are sometimes offensively coarse, and would be intolerable but for the powerful *chiaroscuro* by which they are controlled or absorbed. The work I am speaking of exhibits some variation from his ordinary practice in the arrangement of his colours. The shadows are cool; the single mass of red is in the centre, and is recalled only on the back of the Cupid; the brightest blue is brought very near it, and makes this part the focus of colour, which is well placed above the heads of the principal figures, and gives air to the celestial personages in the sky. The darks are arranged on one side of the picture, the lights on the other; nothing approaching to white is to be seen, and very little yellow, which renders it more fresh and elegant in tone than his pictures in general.

(Conclusion next week.)

SUNSHINE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Who loveth not the sunshine, oh! who loveth not the bright
And blessed mercy of His smile who said, "Let there be light!"
Who lifteth not his face to meet the rich and glowing beam?
Who dwelleth not with miser eye upon such golden stream?
Let those who will accord their song to hail the revel blaze
That only comes where feasting reigns and courtly gallants gaze;
But the sweet and merry sunshine is a braver theme to sing,
For it kindles round the peasant while it bursts above the king.

We hear young voices round us now swell loud in eager joy,
We're jostled by the tiny child and sturdy, romping boy;
In city-street and hamlet-path we see blythe forms arise,
And childhood's April life comes forth as glad as April skies,
Oh! what can be the magic lure that beckons them abroad
To sport upon the dusty stones or tread the grassy sward?
'Tis the bright and merry sunshine that has called them out to play,
And scattered them, like busy bees, all humming in our way.

The bloom is on the cherry tree—the leaf is on the elm,
The bird and butterfly have come to claim their fairy realm
Unnumbered stars are on the earth—the fairest who can choose,
When all are painted with the tints that form the rainbow's hues!
What spirit-wand hath wakened them? the branch of late was bare,
The world was desolate—but now there's beauty every where.
'Tis the sweet and merry sunshine has unfolded leaf and flower,
And tells us of the Infinite, of glory, and of power.

We see old age and poverty forsake the fireside chair,
And leave a narrow, cheerless home to taste the vernal air;
The winter hours were long to him who had no spice-warmed cup,
No bed of down to nestle in, no fur to wrap him up.
But now he loiters 'mid the crowd, and leans upon his staff,
He gossips with his lowly friends and joins the children's laugh;
'Tis the bright and merry sunshine that has led the old man out,
To hear once more the Babel roar, and wander round about.

The bright and merry sunshine—see it even creepeth in
Where prison bars shut out all else from solitude and sin;
The doomed one marks the lengthened streak that poureth through the clink,
It steals along—it flashes, oh! 'tis on his fetter link.
Why does he close his bloodshot eyes? why breathe with grasping groan?
Why does he turn to press his brow against the walls of stone?
The bright and merry sunshine has called back some dream of youth,
Of green fields and a mother's love, of happiness and truth.

The sweet and merry sunshine makes the very churchyard fair,
We half forget the yellow bones while yellow flowers are there;
And while the summer beams are thrown upon the osiered heap,
We tread with lingering footsteps where our "rude forefathers sleep."
The hemlock does not seem so rank—the willow is not dull
The rich flood lights the coffin nail and burnishes the skull.
Oh! the sweet and the merry sunshine is a pleasant thing to see,
Though it plays upon a grave-stone through the gloomy cypress tree.

There's a sunshine that is brighter, that is warmer 'e'n than this,
That spreadeth round a stronger gleam, and sheds a deeper bliss;
That gilds whate'er it touches with a lustre all its own,
As brilliant on the cottage porch as on Assyria's throne.
It gloweth in the human soul, it passeth not away,
And dark and lonely is the heart that never felt its ray:
'Tis the sweet and merry sunshine of Affection's gentle light,
That never wears a sullen cloud and fadeth not in night.

Miscellaneous Articles.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

TO KEEP CURRANT WINE FOR ANY TIME.—Bottle off and stack in bins as usual. Then, at the head of each bin place a decanter of port, which keep filled, as it will evaporate quickly. And as long as there is any port, your currant wine will be preserved admirably.

TO MAKE A SEEDY CAKE.—Procure some common dough, the size of a quarter loaf. Put in half a pound of plums, two small bits of citron, and a teaspoonful of moist sugar. Bake as usual, and keep until quite stale. It will be a very seedy cake.

A CHICKEN STEW.—Shut up the door of the hen-roost, and throw in lighted fireworks. It is soon accomplished.

TO CURE SMOKY CHIMNIES (an excellent way).—Lay the fire as usual with coal and sticks, but be careful not to light it. This hath rarely been known to fail, and is, at the same time, a great saving of fuel.

TO CARRY.—The readiest way of doing this is to buy a comb sold on purpose at the saddlers'. In France, where horse-flesh is eaten more than in England, this will be found a good method, the horse being the animal most usually carried.

TO ROAST A PIKE.—Go to the toll-house on Waterloo Bridge, and chaff the toll-keeper respecting that valuable property. You can dish him at the same time, by riding through behind a coach.

TO MAKE A TWELFTH CAKE.—Having manufactured eleven in any manner you please, make another, and you will have a twelfth cake. Punch.

NEW MARINE GLUE.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, London, April 12.—Mr. Whishaw read a paper on Mr. Jeffery's Marine Glue, the peculiarities of which are, its being *insoluble* in and *impenetrable* to water, *elastic*, so as to expand or contract, according to the strain on the timber or the changes of temperature, sufficiently solid to fill up the joints and add *strength* to the timber construction, and *adhesive*, so as to connect the timbers firmly together. Several practical experiments have been made in Woolwich and Chatham Dockyards; among these may be mentioned the following:—Two pieces of African oak, 18 inches long by 9 inches wide, and 4½ inches thick, were joined together longitudinally by the marine glue, with a bolt of 1½ inch in diameter, passed through each of them from end to end. The day after the marine glue had been applied, the blocks were tested by means of a hydraulic machine. A strain was applied to the extent of 19 tons, at which point one of the bolts broke, but the junction of the wood by the glue remained perfect. Two bolts of 1½ inch in diameter were inserted on the following day, and the strain was again applied until it reached 21 tons, when one of the bolts was broken, the junction of the wood still remaining perfect, and apparently

not affected. Another experiment was tried with two blocks of African oak of similar dimensions, but bolted in a different manner, so as to apply the strain at right angles to the junction made with the glue at the centre. The wood split at a strain of five tons, but the joint remained perfect. The glue in one case was applied to elm; it resisted a strain equal to 368lb. on the square inch. This trial was made while the block was in a wet state, which state is considered most favourable for the effect of the glue. Several large pieces of timber were glued together and suspended to the top of the shears at the dockyard at Woolwich, at a height of about 70 feet above the ground. From that elevation they were precipitated on to the granite pavement, in order to test the effect of concussion; this wood was shattered and split, but the glue yielded only in one instance, in which the joint was badly made, and after the third fall. An experiment was made with reference to the composition being used as a substitute for copper sheathing. This composition was applied without poison to four sides of wooden blocks, and on two other sides it was applied in combination with poison equally destructive to animal and vegetable life. After the lapse of twenty-three months, these blocks were taken up, and were found to be covered with small shell-fish on the four unpoisoned sides, while the two sides charged with the poison were clean. The whole of the composition was slightly changed in colour, but was not deteriorated or affected in respect to its useful qualities. Another use consists in its application to the construction of masts. Its powers of adhesion and elasticity fit it for the purpose of joining the spars of which masts are composed. A great reduction of expense is likely to follow its adoption for this purpose, as shorter and smaller timbers may be rendered available, and most, if not all, the internal fastenings may be dispensed with. The masts of the *Eagle*, a 50-gun ship, and of the *Trafalgar*, 120-gun ship, have been put together with this glue, and the mainmast of the *Curacao*, now reducing from a 32 to a 24-gun ship, are in progress of being joined. This invention may also be applied in the construction of dock-gates, sluices, piers, wooden bridges, &c.

WHALING OFF NEW ZEALAND.

The whale-boats are admirably adapted for the purpose for which they are intended. They are of various construction, and are designated as English, French, or American: each has some peculiarity to recommend it. They are capable of resisting the rough sea of Cook's Straits; but are at the same time swift and buoyant. When starting on a whaling expedition, the boats leave Te-awa-iti before the dawn of the morning. Each has either five or six oars, and a crew accordingly. The boat-steerer and headsmen are the principal men in the boat, and are generally Europeans; the rest are natives. They pull to the entrance of Tory Channel, where a view opens over Cook's Straits and Cloudy Bay from the southern headland, where they keep a "look-out" for the spouting of a whale. The boat which kills the calf claims the cow, even though it should have been killed by another boat's crew. If a whale has been killed, the different boats assist each other in towing it to Te-awa-iti. I once saw ten or twelve boats towing a whale. Each boat had a little flag and the whole scene was gay and animated. One day a calf had been killed, and the cow, having been fastened upon, but not despatched, was towed inside the channel. Gasping in the agonies of death, the tortured animal, when close to our ship, threw up jets of blood, which dyed the sea all around; and, beating about its tail, it broke a boat right in the middle, and threw the crew into the water; but it at length died, exhausted from the many wounds which the irons and harpoons had inflicted. The calf was stated by the whalers to be six weeks old (on what grounds I do not know), and was twenty-four feet long. It was cut up in a few minutes, and gave several barrels of oil. The process was so rapid, that when I came ashore I found only the head. I cut out the brains, the weight of which, amounting to five pounds and one ounce, astonished me greatly. The whale bone was very soft, and therefore useless. There were two hundred plates of it on each side of the roof of the upper jaw. I got the whole roof cut off, and, intending to dry and preserve it, I placed it on the roof of a native house; but on the following morning I had the mortification to find, that the rats and native dogs had found their way to it in the night and had eaten all the softer parts so that the rest fell to pieces. A portion of the heart of this calf was roasted and sent to our table. In taste I found it very like beef, but it was darker in colour. The cow was sixty feet long, and measured between the fins on the belly eighty-two inches. Her skin was velvet-like black, with the exception of a milk-white spot round the navel. As regards the colour of the whale, I have been repeatedly assured, that it is sometimes speckled; and that even perfect albinos, or cream coloured ones, are seen, which must indeed be beautiful animals. The fat or blubber of this whale was nine inches thick, and yielded eight tuns and a half of oil. Whales have been known to yield twelve or thirteen tuns; but I have been told, that so large a quantity is now very rarely obtained, from the great decrease of the whales. A whale which yields nine tuns is at present regarded as a very good one. The tongue was of a white or ash colour, blackish towards the root. This organ gave several barrels of oil, and is a monopoly of the "tonguer" or "cutter-in." The latter operation is performed in Te-awa-iti near the shores, where, by means of a windlass, the whale is raised to the surface of the water under a scaffold called the "shears." The blubber is cut off in square pieces by means of a sharp spade; it is then carried to the shore, and immediately put into the trying-pots. The "cutting-up" of a whale, *secundum artem*, is a process which requires great proficiency, like that of the skilful dissector, who separates the cutis, and with it at once all fat and cellular tissue, from the subjacent muscles. In the whale the blubber is to be regarded as the cutis, in the cellular structure of which the oily matter has been deposited. Shortly after the death of the fish, the epidermis comes off in large pieces, looking like oiled and dried satin.

Diefenbach's Travels in New Zealand.

AERONAUTICS.

"Goosey Goosey Gander,
Where will you wander?"

On looking into an old book, by John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, "That the Moon may be a World," published in 1638, I find some remarks upon the probability of human beings finding their way to this lunar world, by means of wings. The author supposes that swallows, cuckoos, wild swans in India, and other birds of passage—to say nothing of locusts, and other epidemic insects—come from the moon, and return thither again; and as these frequently fly in flocks, "like wild geese," he thinks that, if enough of them to carry a man were harnessed together, the man might go up to the moon at the beginning of winter, and return in the spring.

Now is the time to revive the notion of worthy Bishop Wilkins; catch geese, and tie them together—wild geese. Do not let the Aerial Company take alarm, or imagine themselves harnessed (the doves!) to the car of Venus in the shape of a courier carrying despatches to India. I do not want the geese who think they can make wings, but those whom Nature has actually furnished. Nor do

I think we should go to the moon, for want of an atmosphere. But when I say we might ride to India or to the Cape of Good Hope by wild geese, I do aver that I say that which is much more probable than that we shall do any such thing by means of the "Ariel," as they call their contrivance.

A wild goose can fly and can carry some weight—say only three ounces; well, then, 11,947 wild geese would carry a ton, with an ounce to spare, if they could only be made to pull together. But let us begin with only a quarter of a ton, and try to train, say 3,000 wild geese. We have no doubt that means are here provided for supporting the weight, which is not the case in the Ariel. Now what is the way of training wild geese to pull together, and what is the proper mode of harnessing them? I hope some clever speculator will take up the idea, and give me five per cent. from the gross receipts for the hint. I cannot tell how to make the birds behave as they should do, but others can, perhaps; and my proposal is, at least, possible, which that of the Ariel Company is not; for the gravity of the carriage is overcome in my system, but no gravity at all is overcome by the aerial machine, except that of the countenances of those who understand mechanics.

Besides, the cruel system of plucking geese will be abandoned, for we shall want every one of our birds to put his best feather foremost. We must all use steel pens, (nasty things!) and our quills, instead of writing newspapers, will carry them about.

The American proverb must be altered in meaning; it will be "gone goose" with a man, not when he is ruined, but when he sets off on a journey.

An enlightened public, which encourages pictures of Ariels with broad backs and tawny rudders flying over the pyramids with steam fans, carrying a sentry box hanging obliquely, will not surely refuse to countenance the more probable, and, at least, equally poetical representation of a man in a basket, to which are attached a thousand wild geese, with a handful of newspapers, which he drops on the roofs of his customers' houses.

A GROUP IN TARTARUS.

Hark, as hoarse murmurs of a gathering sea—
As brooks that howling through black gorges go,
Groans sullen, hollow, and eternally,
One wailing Woe!
Sharp Anguish shrinks the shadows there;
And blasphemous Despair
Yells its wild curse from jaws that never close;
And ghastly eyes for ever
Stare on the bridge of the relentless River,
Or watch the mournful wave as year on year it flows,
And ask each other, with parch'd lips that writhe
Into a whisper, "When the end shall be!"
The end?—Lo, broken in Time's hand the scythe,
And round and round revolves Eternity!

SCHILLER.

It is related of Catania, an Italian doctor of great celebrity in Lisbon, that on his first arrival in that city, his sole property consisted of the clothes on his back and a large trunk filled with paving-stones. Followed by six porters, bearing his "luggage," he entered the principal hotel, and selected a room for himself with strongly-grated and barred windows, hinting at the same time to the landlord, that he had articles of incalculable value with him. On going out of the house next day, he carefully double-locked the door of his apartment, leaving the strictest injunctions that no one should enter it. Days and weeks elapsed, and the host began to calculate the probable amount due to him by his strange lodger, without, however, suspecting for a moment the inability of that individual to discharge his debt. Meanwhile, report had spread abroad through Lisbon the arrival of a foreigner with a mysterious treasure, until the story finally reached the king's ears, who took it into his head that the new comer must be a secret agent of the carbonari.

One morning shortly afterwards, Catania was honoured by a visit from the inspector of police, who informed him that it was his majesty's pleasure the trunk should be opened. The Italian remonstrated, but in vain—the officer was resolute, until, as a last resource, Catania whispered that the box contained nothing but stones. The inspector, concluding he meant precious stones, returned to the king with this information, and received further orders to open the suspicious trunk without delay. Finding every attempt to dissuade him ineffectual, Catania assumed a mysterious air, and begged the inspector at all events to examine it privately, to which the latter agreeing, he dismissed the inquisitive landlord, who had followed him into the room. The box was soon opened, and the stones discovered. On the result of the examination being communicated to the king, he laughed heartily, and not only paid Catania's debt, but, finding him tolerably acquainted with the rudiments of medicine, conferred on him a doctor's diploma.

A SINGULAR COMMUNITY.—Tristan d'Acunha is an extinct volcano, so steep that it seems to rise perpendicularly from the sea; the Captain told me it was 8,000 feet high. It is almost a rock, but here and there are patches of ground that can be cultivated. In Bonaparte's time Lord Castlereagh took a fancy that the French might make it useful as an intermediate point of communication with St. Helena. Sailors say it was an absurd notion, for that the winds and currents make it impossible for any ship to sail from the one island to the other. However, Lord Castlereagh established a corporal and party of soldiers to take care of the island. When all fear of Bonaparte was over, they were sent for home, but some of them had grown so fond of their desert island that they begged leave to remain, and here they have been these twenty years, Corporal Glass, now styled the Governor, and five of his men, with their six wives, and among them 32 children. It was not possible for us to go on shore, but Glass and four of his men came off to see us. They looked very healthy and comfortable, cared not a sou for anything out of their island, and did not ask one question concerning anything outside their own little rock. The Captain gave them a good supper, and plenty of valuable presents, and everybody made up a parcel of cloths, or some little oddments. They said what they most wanted were nails, as the wind had lately blown down their houses. They have 50 head of cattle, and 100 sheep; a little corn, twelve acres of potatoes, plenty of apples and pears, and *ecco tutto!* I was curious to know whether old Glass was master, and whether the others minded him, but he said no one was master; that the men never quarrel, but the women do that. They have no laws or rules, and are all very happy together, and no one ever interferes with another. Old Glass does a great deal of extra work; he is schoolmaster to the children, and says many of his scholars can read the Bible "quite pretty." He is also chaplain, buries and christens, and reads the service every Sunday, "all according to the Church of England, Sir." They had only Blair's Sermons, which they have read every Sunday for the last ten years, ever since they have had them; but the old man said very innocently, "We do not understand them yet; I

suppose they are too good for us." Of course they were well supplied with books before they left us. They make all their own clothes out of canvass given them by the whalers. They sew them with twine, and they looked very respectable; but they said it was not so easy to dress the ladies, and they were exceedingly glad of any old clothes we could rummage out for them. Their shoes are made of seal-skin, they put their feet into the skin while it is moist, and let it dry to the shape of the foot, and it turns out a very tidy shoe. After they had collected all the "incoherent odds and ends" we could find for them, and finished their supper, they went off again in a beautiful little boat given them by a whaler. The shipper gave the governor a salute of one gun, two blue lights, and two rockets, and they treated us with a bonfire from the shore.

Letters from Madras.

ERRORS OF SEDENTARY BREATHING.—They whose misfortune it is to lead a sedentary life, and to lean over their work, habituate themselves, by the constant doubling together of the trunk, to do with a smaller quantity of resident air in their chests than is natural or proper. In them, then, the air is at once introduced to a deeper region of the lungs than it ought. Though it is impossible, in any case, to exist with so little resident air in the chest as that the air of the breath should flow unmixed into the air-cells themselves, for the residual air which cannot be expelled is bulky enough to dilute it considerably, yet, when the quantity of resident air is materially reduced, it is plain the air of the breath goes in too far, and proves exciting to tubes too delicate to receive it, on account of its full quantity of oxygen, and, also, no doubt, of its temperament and other qualities. The distress which the presence of pure air produces in tubes intended to receive only mixed air leads such persons to accustom themselves to do with less breath than is natural. It is quite an error to think that their chests, at the time, will not contain more air on account of their position; for if they were to breathe out still more of the resident air, they might leave more room for breath than the volume of the breath ever requires, and yet keep their chests within the confined limits they had been reduced to. The truth of this may be noticed whenever a medical man or friend remonstrates with a girl on account of her tight lacing. One whose folly has nearly reduced her figure to that of an insect, and whose countenance betrays the state of her lungs, will yet be able to show that her stays are "quite loose," by thrusting her hand between them and her body. Many a friend is deceived, as well as the self-deceiver, by this demonstration. All it proves is, that there is yet some supplementary air in the lungs, which, breathed out at the moment of the demonstration, leaves quite enough of room for a respiration of full amount to be carried on for the time, and even for the stays all the while to be made to appear loose about the chest.

Jeffrey's Statics of the Human Chest.

THE RIGHT OF VISIT.

From the London Times, April 25th.

We are sorry to be obliged to recur to the never-ending question of the right of visit; but we are unable to pass without some notice the long and certainly able despatch which Mr. Webster appears by the American papers to have forwarded to Mr. Everett. We are sorry to notice it, because the quarrel is one which, as we believe, is incapable of being thoroughly settled—which need not be prosecuted—which neither party is in any degree anxious to prosecute—but which is more likely to be blown up into importance by such public altercations as that with which we are now threatened, than by the occurrence of any practical grievance, on one side or on the other.

We have before now observed, that General Cass himself does not profess to consider it any such practical grievance that American vessels should, in fact, be occasionally visited:—

"A British officer," said that writer, "meets a vessel bearing an American flag, but which he has the strongest reason to suspect to be British, and engaged in the slave trade. He boards her, conducts himself with perfect propriety, ascertains his error, and retires without committing any injury. He is a trespasser, but no Government would ever think of complaining in such a case."—*Examination*, &c., p. 54.

It is not, then in the concrete, but in the abstract; it is not in the practice, but in the right, that visitation is so objectionable. Actual visit would have been borne, especially if followed by compensation for any loss or injury thence accruing; but it is the right which England will pertinaciously continue to claim, and the United States to deny. All that is to be done in such a case would seem to be this—to leave the practice to take care of itself, and to allow the disputed right quietly to drop out of the question. And this course the English and American Ministers seemed in no degree disinclined to take, had they been allowed to do so by the Casses and Palmerstons of the two countries, whose mischievous popularity-hunting seems too likely to revive all the difficulties that were so comfortably going to sleep. Lord Palmerston and his organs abused Lord Aberdeen because the 8th and 9th articles of the Washington treaty abandoned the British claim; General Cass, on the other hand, threw up his embassy because those articles "left the mutual rights of the parties wholly untouched"—nay his complaints of the treaty went further. "By now making a conventional arrangement with you," (it is thus he tells Mr. Webster that he would have negotiated with England,) "and leaving you free to take your own course, we shall in effect abandon the ground we have assumed, and with it our rights and honour." It is a pity that the ex-Ambassador and the ex-Secretary could not have been left to settle the matter between them. They would perhaps have found it necessary to change (or rather to exchange) their notes. This spectacle, however, has not been granted to the world. They have transferred their quarrel to other and more important parties. The American President and the present English Foreign Secretary have thought it necessary to repel with more or less warmth this unpopular charge of concession, and the eventual result is Mr. Webster's long letter.

We are little inclined to repeat all that has been said on this exhausted subject; yet we cannot resist one or two remarks on this despatch. First, we hail with pleasure Mr. Webster's manly statement of the intention and effect of the 8th and 9th articles of the treaty of Washington. After stating the British claim, and that there are some who think that its formal surrender should have been a necessary condition of any negotiation on the subject, he proceeds—

"But the treaty neither asserts the claim in terms—it neither formally insists upon it, nor formally renounces it. Still the whole proceeding shows that the object of the stipulation was to avoid such differences and disputes as had already arisen, and the serious practical evils and inconveniences which it cannot be denied are likely to result from the practice which Great Britain had asserted to be lawful. * * * Both governments were sincerely desirous of abolishing the slave trade. Both Governments were equally desirous of avoiding occasion of complaint by their respective citizens and subjects, and both Governments regarded the 8th and 9th articles as effectual for their avowed purpose, and likely at the same time to preserve all friendly relations, and to take away causes of future individual complaints. The treaty of Washington was intended

to fulfil the obligations entered into by the Treaty of Ghent. It stands by itself, is clear and intelligible. It speaks in its own language and manifests its own purpose. It needs no interpretation, and requires no comment. * * * Its stipulations * * * are plain, explicit, satisfactory to both parties, and will be fulfilled on the part of the United States, and, it is not doubted, on the part of Great Britain also, with the utmost good faith."

That the treaty was intended by all parties to narrow the ground within which visitation was necessary, we most readily believe. Nor does this admission diminish the satisfaction with which we accept Mr. Webster's frank disclaimer of any intention to force its provisions into any meaning not evidenced by the "plain," "explicit," "clear and intelligible" words of the treaty itself—an intention of which we cannot altogether acquit the Executive himself—Mr. Webster's principal—in his much quoted message to Congress. The disclaimer is likely to save much trouble and dissatisfaction, nor can we see how it can furnish matter of objection to any rational being; and so we thank Mr. Webster for it.

With regard to the actual point at issue, we would briefly observe, that the marine law of nations (treaties apart) is founded upon reason or on precedent—on the necessities of nations or on their undisputed practice. First then, as to the reason of the case. The mischievous absurdity of allowing the mere exhibition of a flag to be conclusive evidence of nationality—a principle which at once sweeps away the possibility of any jurisdiction for any purpose over any vessel, the owner of which has taken the precaution to provide himself with a sufficient quantity of coloured canvass—has been forcibly and distinctly urged both by Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen. Let any one who reads Mr. Webster's letter consider whether he has in any degree met this antecedent argument. He seems indirectly to imply that his view of marine law provides against this mischief by allowing in practice what he refuses to sanction in the theory—by admitting, with General Cass, that circumstances may justify a cruising-officer in visiting (and will therefore bind him to visit) a suspicious vessel while yet maintaining the "tortious" character of that visit, unless these suspicions are further justified by the event, and the consequent right of the American (or other) merchantman to resist such a visit by force. If this is Mr. Webster's implication, it would seem a somewhat inconvenient theory, which at once saddles the officer with the obligation to act, and invests the merchantman with the right of resistance. If it is not, Lord Aberdeen's *reductio ad absurdum* remains wholly unanswered.

Next, with regard to *practice*—which is, after all, the best evidence of law. Whatever that practice has been on this point, the absence of judicial dicta on the subject shows this at least—that it has been till lately uncontroverted. What has it been? Lord Aberdeen has asserted visitation to have been the practice of the British, and "he believed," of all other navies. Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons distinctly asserted it to be the practice of the American cruisers in the Gulf of Mexico and elsewhere; and it was confessed in the Chamber of Deputies to have been acquiesced in by the French Government under the Restoration—what says Mr. Webster? Nothing. This, the point on which, perhaps more than any other, the question hinges, he has passed over absolutely *sub silentio*; and, in so doing, makes an admission in favour of the English claim of which he will find it difficult to do away the effect by the somewhat vague reasoning by which his letter is filled.

With these short observations we dismiss Mr. Webster's despatch; and we can wish it no happier office than to be the means of quickly letting the question drop to the point where the treaty of Washington left it, and where it had better continue.

From the London Herald.

With this document we presume the discussion between the two Governments will substantially end. Lord Aberdeen will of course give the Washington treaty a fair trial before he reinstructs British cruisers to exercise the right of visit; and the President, Congress and Mr. Webster, to do them justice, seem all inclined to make every exertion to deprive England of the opportunity of exercising that right, which they now know she will never surrender, by the efficiency of the American squadron about to be stationed on the west coast of Africa.

BLASTING OF THE ABBOTT'S CLIFF AT DOVER.

We copy from the *Times* a detailed account of another great mining operation on the cliff at Dover, for facilitating the formation of the South-Eastern Railway. The explosion seems to have been perfectly successful, and, like those that preceded it, was performed without the slightest accident:—

Another of those remarkable engineering operations which have already attracted public attention, in connexion with the South-Eastern Railway, took place on Monday at a distance of about three miles to the westward of the town of Dover. In order to afford an outlet to the Abbott's Cliff Tunnel, and a platform on which the rail could be laid down between that and the Shakespeare Tunnel, it became necessary to remove a portion of the projecting cliff. From the success that had attended former operations of the kind, and, especially the recent blast at Rounddown Cliff, it was resolved to remove it by the aid of gunpowder.

The surface of the cliff acted upon by this explosion lay to the westward of the Rounddown Cliff, and its remaining cliff formed the face of the terminus of Abbott's Cliff Tunnel. It extended 300 feet in length, and the height of that portion which was directly acted upon was 200 feet. The object of the operation was to slice off, as it were, a large portion of this surface, so as to make that which was before rugged and uneven, and which projected far too much in the way of the proposed line along the side of the cliff, perfectly flat and smooth, and fit to afford a sufficient platform for the road to be laid down upon, and to prepare the terminus of the tunnel. The "slice" to be removed varied in thickness, according to the extent to which the surface projected beyond that which would be convenient to the operations; and the quantity of powder introduced at the different parts was, therefore, proportioned to the thickness of cliff to be removed. The arrangements made for the introduction of the powder and the simultaneous ignition (if possible) of the different charges were simple, and, at the same time, ingenious in the extreme. There were altogether 100 barrels of powder, or 10,000lb. This quantity was distributed in various proportions in fifteen different chambers, at nearly equal distances. To form these chambers the rock was perforated at those nearly equal distances, and the different proportions of powder were introduced on Saturday last, and "tapped up" close. There were two separate lines of these chambers of powder, and therefore two series of charges; one being near the top of the cliff, about 200 feet from the summit, the other about 100 feet lower down. Thus a space of about 150 feet from the bottom of the cliff remained altogether untouched by the explosion, that being required as a platform for the road to run upon at the entrance of the tunnel. The apparatus for igniting these different charges was placed to the eastward, about 200 feet from the nearest, and about 500 feet from the furthest chamber. It consisted of six batteries of 20 plates each, and by an ingenious

invention of Mr. Hodges, the assistant to Mr. Wright, the resident engineer of the line from Ashford to Dover, they were all fired simultaneously. Simple as the invention is, it is not so easy to describe it on paper. Suppose a triangular skeleton chair; what would be the seat of it is suspended by a common string at the distance of about an inch or more from a framework beneath (resting on the leg of the chair), in which are fixed the batteries and the connecting wires. Immediately under the string which suspends the other portion of the battery is placed a circular trough, in which there is a "blue" light. Through this light is passed a fuse, 12 feet long, and taking some minutes to burn down. This fuse was fired by Mr. Hodges, who had time to get away from the spot before the string was burnt. The moment the string was severed by the flame, down went the upper framework, the voltaic action was performed, and the electric fluid communicated to the wires. These wires were two, one for the upper, the other for the lower range of chambers, each extending the whole length of the surface to be operated upon, and attached to them were other supplementary wires communicating with the chambers of powder. The ends of these additional wires were of course formed in the usual way, with a piece of platinum wire affixed, which on being made red hot by the electric fluid ignited the gunpowder in what are called the bursting charges—small portions of powder in cases surrounding the ends of these wires, which again immediately fired the larger quantities of powder contained in the different chambers.

Thus within a few moments after the ignition of the blue light, the upper framework of the skeleton chair above described fell down, the voltaic action was completed, and in almost an equal period of time the explosion was effected. And yet how remote to all appearance the connection between the burning of a short piece of string (a foot long) and the fall of the immense mass of cliff!

At four o'clock, the hour appointed for the blast, many thousand persons were collected to witness it, but the thick fog obscured all. I took a boat, and approached as near the shore as was allowed, but could see no more than the crumbling mass falling down into the water beneath with a sound resembling the roar of artillery heard at a distance, and the noise of the surge breaking on the sea shore.

Those who were on the cliff were sensible of a shock a few moments before the detached portions of the cliff fell. Explosion is an inappropriate term to use; for, in fact, as far as hearing is concerned, there is nothing of the sort:—the operation of the gunpowder is internal, and the effect only known by the fall of the fragments. Mr. Hodges, the assistant-engineer, fired the fuse in connection with the battery. He had four minutes in which to get away, but had calculated that he could run down the ladder in two and a half. He was the last person who left the range of batteries.

Although, in consequence of the thick fog or mist, the spectators were deprived of much of the gratification which such a sight would have afforded, the operation, in a scientific point of view, was held to be decidedly successful. All the chambers of powder were ignited simultaneously (or nearly so), and the immense mass of disturbed chalk and earth fell slowly and equably into the sea—the exact results, however, cannot of course yet be ascertained.

THE BOUNDARY TREATY.

From the Journal of Commerce.

The imputations cast upon our country, and especially upon Mr. Webster, by a portion (and we are sorry to say a large portion) of the British press on both sides of the Atlantic, because that gentleman did not make known to Lord Ashburton the existence of the "red line" map discovered in the archives of Paris by Mr. Sparks, were regarded by Americans with one consent as uncharitable, ungentlemanly, and unjust. We maintained in the first place, that the Map found by Sparks was not conclusively proved to be the map mentioned in Dr. Franklin's note. That even if it were, and known to be so, it was no part of the duty of our government to supply England or her representative with arguments adverse to our own claims: And that they who, on account of said omission, charged us with being "cheats" and "swindlers," exposed themselves, in return, to be denounced as slanderers.

This was sound logic: and it is just as much so, now that the position of the parties is reversed, as it was before. We therefore regret to notice the severe language made use of by a portion of the American press towards England, because she did not see fit to make known to us, while the negotiation was pending for the settlement of the North Eastern Boundary, the existence of a Map, in the British Museum, strongly corroborating the American claim. A correspondent of the *Hartford Times*, who writes from London under date of April 8th, says,—

Not one, but two different Maps (says Lord Brougham,) both authentic, both of the date of the Treaty, and both giving the full extent of the American claim, have been discovered, either one of itself forming a conclusive proof, but both together corroborating each other as they do, furnish a case of what the lawyers call irresistible and cumulative evidence. One of these maps was engraved by Faden, the King's geographer, (mark that,) and it is dated 1783, and gives the exact American claim. This map is now in the British Foreign Office. The other map like the first is dated 1783, and contains also the full American claim, but (mark this) in addition to that it contains, written in three different places upon it, in the handwriting of George III. himself, these ever memorable words, "this map contains the line as settled by the American Treaty of 1783." Now where and when was this map found? Is it an American forgery? Was it found in American hands? No indeed. It was found in the private custody of King George III., the last man in the world to authenticate a map, giving to his American rebels any territory which did not clearly belong to them. It was carefully preserved in his private library until his death, and then bequeathed to the safe custody of the British Museum, where it would have remained fraudulently and forever concealed, had not the British Ministers within the last few days, in some moment of carousal—in some frenzy of exultation, seen fit to drag forth to the world this damning proof of British perfidy and British falsehood. Is this language too strong? By no means. For this map is perfectly decisive of the justice of the American claim. It belongs to that species of argument which is technically called a "settler," alike unanswered and unanswerable. So thinks Lord Brougham, for he said (I refer you to his speech) "that this Map showed that the British had no case, that they had not even a leg to stand upon." These are his precise words. So thought also the House of Lords, for the opposition to Lord Ashburton, which at first threatened to be extremely formidable, was by the production of the King's maps quelled into complete silence, and the vote of thanks to him was passed unanimously.

The maps were regarded in the House of Lords as a knock-down argument to which it was considered ridiculous even to attempt any reply. It is pretended by the British Ministers that the existence of these maps was unknown to them until very recently. Be it so. Then what steps does this honourable British government take on finding the maps? Does it instantly withdraw a

claim, always dishonest, but which this discovery made no less than infamous? No such thing. With hollow pretensions of fairness and amity, they instantly pack off Lord Ashburton with directions to get the Dutch line if he could, if not to get what he could, at all events to patch up a Treaty somehow as soon as possible, for fear that these maps should "leak out," and forever put an end to the British claim."

It does not belong to us to vindicate the course of the British government, and we have no desire to do so. But on the other hand, it should be borne in mind that the same rule of diplomacy which justified Mr. Webster in withholding from Lord Ashburton a knowledge of the Franklin map, also justified Lord Ashburton in withholding from Mr. Webster a knowledge of the British museum map. The comparative importance or unimportance of the two maps, does not effect the principle involved; for if it is the duty of a diplomatist to make known to his opponent any one fact going to strengthen the claims of that opponent, for the same reason it is his duty to make known all such facts, so far as known to himself. We might perhaps admit, that a strict adherence to the spirit of the gospel, would require this "mutual aid" on the part of diplomatists, but it would be a very droll sort of diplomacy; in fact, there would be no need of diplomatists, if such a spirit were universally prevalent. And if the same principle were carried out between individuals, in its various ramifications, there would be no need of prisons or laws. But this is not the light in which we are now contemplating the subject. What we say is, that it would be unusual, we presume unprecedented, for one diplomatist, in any such controversy, to give the benefit of his own researches or accidental knowledge to his opponent. It is not expected on either side.

We are glad, however, that this museum map has been discovered. It will serve to reconcile the British people to the terms of the new treaty—and in fact, make them feel that they have got a good bargain. And surely the Americans have,—for the portion of the territory which falls to us, (about three-fifths,) is worth more, in connexion with the commercial privileges secured by the treaty, than the whole would be without those privileges. Is not this enough? Instead of resorting to the language of mutual censure and unworthy imputations, as unfortunately has been done, the two countries ought to join in mutual congratulations for the happy adjustment of this long continued and dangerous controversy, and in devout thanksgiving to Him who has thus brought order out of confusion.

Foreign Summary.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.—Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, the Governor of Greenwich Hospital, has cordially consented to allow a number of veterans from that establishment to attend the ceremony of placing the statue of Nelson upon the column in Trafalgar-square, "because he is sure it will be as gratifying to the feelings of the men themselves as interesting to the assembled spectators." The gallant Admiral also promises "to furnish the committee with the number of the present inmates of the hospital who fought under the great naval hero, either in the glorious battle of Trafalgar or other of his naval victories, and whose present state of health will enable them to attend."

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 29.—Upwards of 30,000 men, partly regular troops and partly militia, are concentrated at Bagdad, with 60 pieces of artillery. At Erzerum there are likewise about 30,000 men, with 40 pieces of the best Turkish artillery. The Pasha of Bagdad has received orders to resume immediately, on the frontiers of Persia, the military positions occupied by the Turkish troops before the officious interference of England and Russia.

CANADIAN BEEF.—Mr. G. Straker, of Newcastle, astonished the butchers and brokers of the Quayside not a little on Wednesday last. He opened a cask of Canadian beef in their presence, and exhibited as fine an article as could be produced here, and which had only cost him 37s. 6d. per 200lb., or 2½d. per pound! "The proof of the pudding is in the eating;" we have tasted the beef, and found it to be prime.

BRUTE INTELLIGENCE.—A rather remarkable occurrence transpired a short distance from this town a few days ago. While two young men, apprentices with Mr. D. Lee, grocer and tea-dealer in Dewsbury, were taking a short walk down the side of the river Calder, their master's warehouse dog, which was accompanying them, strayed into an adjoining field, and on seeing an ass, which was grazing, suddenly fell upon it, worrying it in a most ferocious manner. A number of men being at a short distance, and seeing the dog likely in a short time to worry the poor ass to death, went and commenced a fierce attack upon the dog with hedge stakes, but without succeeding in getting him off the ass, where he was mutilating in a shocking manner. A horse, belonging to Mr. George Fell, of Earlsheaton, had witnessed those proceedings evidently under most agitated feelings, and, as if conscious the poor ass must perish unless he interfered, made a rush through the hedge, cleared off the men who were trying to liberate the ass, and in a most furious manner seized the dog with his teeth and dragged him off, and aimed several blows with his fore and hind feet, and had not the dog made off, it is supposed he would have despatched him in a few minutes. When the horse had accomplished his feat, he, with head and tail erect, scampered about the ass in a noble and most dignified manner, as if proud of having gained a mighty conquest, and manifested evident tokens of pleasure, as if sensibly feeling that he had effected an act of benevolence. All who beheld this wonderful deed of Mr. Fell's horse were powerfully struck with his evident intelligence and sympathy for his fellow brute. *Wakefield Journal.*

LOCK LOMOND.—Lock Lomond is a sea! Along its shores might you voyage in your swift schooner, with shifting breezes, all a summers day, nor at sunset, when you dropped anchor, have seen half the beautiful wonders. It is many-ided, and some of them are in themselves little worlds, with woods and hills. Houses are seen looking out from among old trees, and children playing on the greensward that slopes safely into the deep water, where, in rushy havens, are drawn up the boats of fishermen, or of woodcutters who go to their work on the mainland. You might live all your life on one of those islands, and yet be no hermit. Hundreds of small bays indent the shores, and some of a majestic character take a fine bold sweep with their towering groves, enclosing the mansion of a Colquhoun or a Campbell, at enmity no more, or the turreted castle of the rich alien, who there finds himself as much at home as in his hereditary hall, Sassenach and Gael now living in gentle friendship. What a prospect from the point of Firkin! The Loch in its whole length and breadth—the magnificent expanse unbroken, through bedropt with unnumbered isles—and the shores diversified with jutting cape and far-shooting peninsula, enclosing sweet separate seclusions, each in itself a loch. *Christopher North.*

EXPORTATION OF GOLD.—The shipments of gold to America continue, and, with the Exchange at 106, will continue for some time. The profit does not exceed ½ to ¾ per cent., after paying the necessary expenses of agency, commission, freight, &c., but, in the present state of small profits on commercial transactions, this is sufficiently remunerative to induce further shipments. We un-

derstand that £300,000 will be sent this week by the packet, but the Continental Exchanges are more than sufficiently favourable to us to fill up the gap caused by America. —*Globe.*

Sir George Hayter's great Reform picture is at last finished, and now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall. To recognize the full merit in a work so elaborate, the public must recollect the difficulties of the subject, the inevitable formality of perspective, the ungracious monotony of modern costume, and the necessity of giving literal portraits of sundry personages, who, however good at legislation, are not good for picturesque effect. Further, we would add, it may not be amiss to recollect some of the contemporary foreign historical pictures on similar subjects—those, for instance, which stare from the walls of the new galleries at Versailles; nay, we might include, in our challenge, the painted chronicles of David and Gerard, without fear of the result. The management of the light seems, to us, excellent; and this, too, it will be recollected, is arbitrary; then the mathematical angularity of a composition in which four rows of heads necessarily form a prominent object, is happily varied. Sir E. Codrington's hand on the pillar, the eager attitude of O'Connell, like that of the war-horse who has heard the sound of a trumpet, Lord John Russell leaning forward—to say nothing of the groups of listening Whig and Tory peers in the foreground—are all accidents at once conducive to truthful and to pictorial effect. Even the solitary red uniform of the Member on his legs, and the Hon. Grantley Berkley's gay green coat, have been felicitously turned to account. The likenesses are, for the most part, good. It is true that Sir George Hayter sees his sitters through some medium which sharpens their features, a certain pinched thinness of face being as characteristic of his portraits, as a squareness of contour is of those by Leslie; but it would be hard to name the artist who would have been, on the whole, more faithful, or so spirited:—while the industry with which the work has been wrought up and finished, is creditable to its painter. On the walls of the exhibition room are hung the separate studies, from whence the greater part of the figures were finished, with some of Sir George Hayter's former pictures,—among others, the Trial of Her Majesty Queen Caroline.

M. Herwegh, the poet, who was exiled by the Prussian Government, has just been made a burgher of Basle-Campagne in Switzerland.

THE INCOME-TAX.—N. Tuckett, of Exeter, timber-merchant, announces, by public advertisement, that he has been "surcharged to the income-tax by one thousand pounds," and that he is determined to seek some other country "where there will be no inquisitors sent to rack mankind." —*Bristol Mercury.*

M. Arago states that the surface of our globe was rather near being swept by the tail of the comet. This extraordinary phenomenon would inevitably have taken place if the tail had been longer and thinner, or if it had moved in the plane of the ecliptic. The learned secretary regrets much, as a scientific man, that it has been otherwise. *Paris print.*

CHEAP LIVING.—The *Courrier Francais* states, that several culinary establishments have been founded by a philanthropist at Paris, (commonly known by the epithet of the Manteau Bleu,) where the indigent may be regaled at the following rates. (These kitchens are situate for the most part in the Marché des Innocens.) The full price of a dinner is 4 sous; a plate of soup, 1 sou; a plate of fricaseed beef, 1 sou; a slice of brown bread, 1 sou; half a cup of coffee, 1 sou; water at discretion; total, 4 sous. "It would be difficult," says the *Courrier Francais*, "to dine on cheaper terms." A sou is about the value of a halfpenny.

DULCE DOMUM.—The *Dulce Domum* was written about the latter end of the seventeenth century, by a Winchester scholar, detained at the usual time of breaking-up, and chained to a tree or pillar, for an offence against the master, when the other scholars had liberty to visit their respective homes. The poor confined scholar was so affected with grief, at being thus deprived of his liberty, and the privilege of visiting "home, sweet home," that he expressed his feelings in the form of a song, or rather ode, to home. He is reported to have died broken hearted before his companions returned; and in memory of this unhappy incident, the scholars of Winchester school, attended by the master, chaplains, organist, and chorister, used formerly to have an annual procession, and walk three times round the pillar to which the luckless boy had been chained. *Gentleman's Magazine.*

NEW LOCOMOTIVE CARRIAGE.—A steam-carriage has been invented by a young man lately connected with the firm of Messrs. Barrett, Exall and Andrews, extensive ironfounders in this town, which appears to have overcome the obstacles hitherto experienced in getting these machines to act upon the common roads. Several experimental trips have been made with it with complete success, the average rate of speed being fourteen miles per hour. It goes upon three wheels in a somewhat similar manner to a bath chair, and turns the corners with more facility than might be supposed. —*Reading paper.*

A Mr. Bain, of Wotton, near Wick, announces the discovery of an electrical printing telegraph, by means of which he can, "by one set of types, set up a newspaper in London, and print it simultaneously in every town in England and Scotland, nearly as fast as the steam machine throws off the sheets!" This will beat piano printing all to nothing.

CHINESE KITE-FLYING.—Of out-door amusements, the most popular is kite-flying. In this the Chinese excel. They show their superiority as well in the curious construction of their kites, as in the height to which they make them mount. By means of round holes, supplied with vibrating cords, their kites are made to produce a loud humming noise like that of a top. The ninth day of the ninth month is a holiday especially devoted to this national pastime, on which day numbers may be seen repairing to the hills for the purpose of kite-flying, and after amusing themselves, they let them fly wherever the wind may carry them, and give their kites and cares at once to the wind.

A French paper, quoting a letter from Bourg, says:—"The great subject of conversation here is an eagle which a sportsman has just killed as astonishing as the roc of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments." In its stomach were found several diamonds and other jewels, small in size, but of a very fine water."

THE AIREDALE POET.—A short notice announcing the death of Mr. John Nicholson, of Bradford, the Airedale poet, appeared in the *Mercury* of Saturday last. The following are some additional particulars respecting this melancholy event:—The poet left Bradford on Thursday evening with the intention of visiting a relative living near Bingley. He took the road he usually did, which was over the stepping stones near Dixon's mill. From the evidence adduced at the inquest it appears that he would be crossing the stones about midnight. The river had swollen with rain, and the stones on the further side of the river were covered with water. It is probable either that he missed the stone or else his foot had slipped from it, and he then fell into the water. From the marks on the bank of the river it seems he had struggled hard with the current, and succeeded in getting a distance of 15 or 20 yards, when, being exhausted, he had lain down. At 6 o'clock on Friday morning a person named Rastrick was pas-

sing near, and heard a strange noise; he then saw Nicholson rise up into a sitting posture. Rastrick, who appears to be of a weak intellect, was frightened, and went on to a farmhouse for his milk, but did not mention the circumstance.—Two hours later he was seen by a farmer's man named Waddington, who called out to him, but received no answer. He, however, mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Lee, who went to the spot immediately, and found the poet dead though still warm. The opinion of Mr. Steele, the surgeon, of Baildon, was, that he had died of apoplexy. The poet's funeral took place at Bingley church on Tuesday, and upwards of 1,000 people assembled to witness the ceremony.—The burial service was performed by a full choir, accompanied by the organ, and a peal rung on the muffled bells. We understand it is the intention of his friends to publish a complete edition of his poems by subscription, for the benefit of his wife and numerous family. At the time of his death he was engaged in preparing a poem on the death of Mr. B. E. Busfield, who was drowned in London.—*Leeds Mercury*.

The "friend and brother of the princes and chief of India"—he of Somnauth celebrity—has recently ordered red Morocco harness for his carriage horses, and directed his aids-de-camp to ride with red Morocco lems to correspond.

TEA IN A NEVA STEAMER.—The passengers on board the steamer offer a motley appearance—some for pleasure and some for business, as in all cases; but the scene is different from any thing out of Russia. We had a cargo of wood merchants, who came down from the banks of the Ladoga to look after their wood-barges in St. Petersburg. They are a drunken set; one of the best-looking of them was soon sprawling upon the deck. It was hard to keep him out of mischief. He would go down below to see the engine work. It was necessary to hold him by main force, till he fell asleep: as Sancho says, "It covered him over like a blanket;" and when he awoke, he was no longer mischievous. It is curious to see the people drink tea aboard these steamers: a passenger asks for tea, by which the French understand *un thé complet*: the Russians, a portion: we should say, tea for one. This comprises a small teapot, in which the tea, and that of the best kind, has been infused; a larger teapot full of hot water, a small saucer full of lumps of sugar, an empty tumbler and teaspoon, a slice of lemon, and a small decanter of spirits. All this is served simultaneously upon a tray. As soon as the tea is sufficiently infused, he pours it out into the tumbler, to which he adds a glass of spirits and a slice of lemon, and then fills up the smaller with hot water from the larger pot. The first glass of tea expedited, he brews again in the same way, and this for five or six times, till the tea has no longer colour or flavour; but there is the lemon, the sugar, and the brandy, and the tea is now the apology. The effect produced will depend upon the quantity of brandy which he has thus sipped. If he have been sparing, he remains quiet upon deck, or converses freely with his fellow-passengers. If he have sucked the monkey too strongly, he is mischievous, and is for looking after the machinery.

Life of a Travelling Physician.

* Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 1-4 a 8 1-2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1843.

Every Postmaster, or any other individual, who will obtain five new subscribers, and remit \$15, current money, free of postage, shall receive a free copy of THE ANGLO AMERICAN one year.

OUR PLATES AND OUR JOURNAL.

Our Subscribers will perceive that we have lost no time in redeeming our pledge to present them with a Mezzotint engraving of Louis Philippe, King of the French, in a style of execution which we feel proud to say has never been excelled by any print published in a Periodical in this or any other country. Nor shall the Patrons of The Anglo American find our hands to slacken in the endeavour to do justice to our professions, and to our boast that the Anglo American shall be at once the neatest, the cheapest, the best embellished, and the fittest for family perusal, of any Weekly newspaper in existence. In a very few months our splendid full-length portrait of The Immortal Washington will be presented to subscribers; it will be executed in the very highest style of art, by artists of great and well-deserved reputation, and will of itself be worth more than the price of our annual subscription.

It has already become matter of surprise that in so cheap a work as ours we can afford to give good plates, seeing that the publishers of those of double our terms have found it necessary to expatiate on the expense of doing so. Perhaps we have a secret, or perhaps we possess facilities, which they have not; be that as it may, we promise, and we can and will perform our promise, to illustrate our Anglo American in a manner that both ourselves and our subscribers shall have occasion to approve. We have already made arrangements for the production of an English subject in a superior style of art, which shall be forthcoming at an early day, and shall look for a remuneration of our labours in the approbation of a numerous list of subscribers. This last—we say it in thankfulness and not as a vain-glorious boast—is increasing to the full extent of our expectations.

Before we dismiss this subject we may inform our subscribers of that which we are confident they will learn with satisfaction, that our early numbers have been noticed by numerous Editors in every section of the Union, as well as in the British Provinces, in a manner both gratifying to our feelings and soothing to our vanity. This is the more agreeable because to them all we are personally unknown, and have no other claim to their kind expressions than that which arises from their satisfied judgment. On that account, therefore, we are bound to return them our respectful thanks, and to assure them that it will be our pride to merit the permanence of the approval which they express.

THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

Though yielding to none on either side of the Atlantic in respect towards his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, whether upon public or on personal grounds; and though reverencing his memory, we will say, twenty times more than many who are now lavish in the show of it, we could not resolve to blacken the page, on his account, which records the happy birth of another scion of the royal stock which is seated on the throne of the British Empire.

The career of the late illustrious Duke is now closed; and, if we have anything to which we should look forward with respect to him, it must be to the effect produced by his incessant benevolent interposition during a life which has extended to the full term which the sacred oracles declare to be allotted to man. From the days of his Royal Highness' early manhood, till the hour of his death he has been actively employed either in asserting the liberties of the subject, enlarging the sphere of useful information, *defending the oppressed*, aye even to suffering oppression in his own person as its consequence, or in forwarding the objects of charity and benevolence.

Prince Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, was the sixth son of his late Majesty King George III., and the youngest brother except the Duke of Cambridge. He was born on the 27th day of January, 1773, and died on the 21st April, 1843, consequently the age of his royal highness was 70 years and nearly a quarter. Unlike the greater proportion of the royal brothers, this prince felt no vocation for arms, but was strongly impelled to the cultivation of literature and science. His eldest brother, afterwards King George IV., had similar tastes in youth, but he never carried them out with the same severity; indeed his political position in a measure precluded him from doing so, and the temptations to dissipation on the one hand, and to opposition to the court on the other, soon drew him away from all but the elements of literature and science, yet leaving him possessed of general good taste. Prince Augustus Frederick pursued his studies in the severe University of Göttingen, and afterwards he proceeded to Rome. In the "Eternal City" he met with Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, he became attached to her, married her in Rome on the 4th April, 1793, and afterwards at the church of St. George's, Hanover Square, London. The royal marriage act which had been passed in consequence of the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George III. with a subject, rendered that of the prince null, but it did not alter the sentiments or the respect of his royal highness, who always considered and treated the lady as his lawful wife till her dying hour in March, 1830. His parliamentary allowance he voluntarily relinquished in part, to contribute to her comfort, and he never asked for more for the purpose of paying off debts.

It was between these two junctures of time that the Duke of Sussex was guilty of the unpardonable crime of remaining true to the political principles which his brother the Prince Regent had deserted; and he had added to that crime one quite as great, namely, of being the advocate and protector of the Princess, and the most beloved uncle of her who was "England's hope." For this he became proscribed by the head of his family, discountenanced by the rest, and during the life of George IV. as Regent and as King, was not suffered to hold one solitary post of honour or of emolument under the crown. The duke never manifested any undue indignation at this unworthy treatment; he had resources within himself from which he could draw largely, whether for the gratification of his intellectual or of his benevolent propensities. There is hardly a public charity in London which is not deeply beholden to his Royal highness for indefatigable exertions in its behalf, and for aid from his purse to the full extent of prudence. With respect to learned acquirements, a very little suffices generally to confer on a scion of royalty the character of distinction, but the Duke of Sussex had *real* claims thereto, and was no churlish patron of literary and scientific distinction in others. It could be no superficial learning that would place him, though a prince, in that chair of the Royal Society, a seat not easily accessible to any, but to one of Royal blood more difficult still.

The Duke of Sussex did not frequently appear in the House of Lords. This was prudent, for his birth would render his arguments the more marked, and might be supposed to give a tone to debate. But upon great constitutional questions he would be present; upon which occasions he has been known to speak long, eloquently, and always independently. To these qualities let it be said to his honour that he was consistent through the whole of his political life. It has been said that, notwithstanding the obloquy and neglect which George IV. so pertinaciously heaped upon him during life, the brothers were reconciled before that monarch left the earthly scene. We do not believe it! Whatever might have been the good qualities of George IV., there was one bad one in him of the most detestable nature, sufficient in itself to outweigh all others. He was deadly in his hatred, implacable in his resentments, unrelenting and unrelaxing in his animosities. For the part taken in the protection of his persecuted consort, and for the love entertained by his daughter for her "Uncle Augustus," George IV., before and after he came to the crown, hated "Uncle Augustus" with a cordiality of hatred not easily exceeded; and, although a decent farewell took place finally, we do not place much stress upon that. It was with similar feelings that the King looked upon Brougham, whom he persisted in keeping behind the bar for years after his standing in his profession had richly entitled him to come within it; and when at length he was prevailed on to permit the entry, he would not make him a *King's Counsel*, but only allowed him a patent of precedence. This last, by the bye, was no bad thing for Brougham, who thus obtained entrance within the bar, without losing his seat in Parliament, which the appointment of King's Counsel would have compelled him to vacate, and proceed, if he pleased, to a re-election.

The marriage with Lady Augusta Murray may be considered as a practical protest on the part of His Royal Highness against that barbarous and stringent act which precludes the members of the English Royal family from entering into matrimonial alliances of affection, should the objects of that affection be among the subjects of the realm. After the decease of her whom he always considered to be, in the eye of heaven, his wife, the Duke formed a similar alliance with Lady Cecilia, widow of Sir George Buggin. This marriage, like the former one, could not be recognised in law, but so highly was the lady esteemed that she was created a peeress in her own right under the title of Duchess of Inverness; she was visited by all the Royal family and received at

court, and, upon the decease of his Royal Highness, all the members of the Royal house waited upon her Grace to condole with her.

In features the Duke of Sussex and his eldest brother were more alike than those of any other children of George III., and those features were modelled from those of the late Queen Charlotte, their mother. In brotherly affection the attachment was greatest between him and the late Duke of Kent, father to her present Majesty the Queen. These two illustrious brothers were indefatigable and conjoint in their endeavours to promote the cause of charity and benevolence, and in the furtherance of political privileges to the great body of dissenters. The orthodoxy of those royal dukes was never disputed, and therefore they deserved all the credit which was due to them for liberality of feeling. It may not be easy to trace back to them the origin of that repeal of the test and corporation acts which was so great a boon to the consciences of thousands, perhaps millions, yet we have no doubt that the exertions and the influence of those two noble-minded princes will be found to have operated mainly thereto. In that part of their charities which consisted in giving, both of those royal brothers were under certain restraints; the Duke of Kent adhering resolutely to a very moderate expenditure, for the laudable purpose of paying off the debts incurred by him whilst a gay young man, without asking the assistance of his country, and the Duke of Sussex being without a shilling of emolument except the parliamentary allowance for his support; and yet by good economy they were able to preserve the dignity of the royal name, even in their gifts.

Many years ago it was doubtful whether his Royal Highness would arrive to old age, as he was greatly afflicted with a disorder on his chest, which obliged him to take his repose in almost a sitting posture; a good constitution, however, cheerful habits, and the exemption from much of political anxiety, have prolonged his days, and we believe also his earthly happiness, to a lengthened period. He has departed with the regrets of the good of every denomination and party; and we perceive that some, even of the public press, that derided him and even sneered at him while living, can resound his praise when he is no more. A contemporary says of the Duke of Sussex that, "like all his illustrious family, he was a true and sincere friend." This characteristic is indeed true of the illustrious prince just departed, but we cannot admit the inference foisted into the remark, for all the family were not so amiably inclined, although most were. And here again we are obliged to except George IV., who was as inconstant as implacable. We speak not of the Hangers, the Brummels, the Ladds, *et id genus omne*; the companions of brawls and revels are not the materials of which to make friends; but let us turn to poor Sheridan and his fate, let us turn—but no, we will not turn to the more tender sex,—who relied on his friendship. But enough of this. The Duke of Sussex was warm and constant in his friendships, and the memory of them will long live fresh, and with an odour of incense.

When the Prince of Wales assumed the authority of Regent, he resigned the office of Grand Master of the Free-Masons, which was then conferred on the Duke of Sussex, and the latter has from that time taken a very active part in the welfare of the society, an immense body of whom, with the highest nobility (being brothers) at their head, would form a procession at the funeral of his Royal Highness.

It is at least a novel circumstance that the Duke of Sussex will be the first member of the royal family buried in a public cemetery. This was his own earnest desire, expressed in his will, and which the Queen has permitted to be complied with. This very desire is but another proof of the general tenor of his affections, for it is said to proceed from the wish of the illustrious deceased that his consort, the Duchess of Inverness, may in due time be placed beside him. This could not be the case had he been deposited in the royal vault, and therefore the royal duke spurned at the etiquette which interfered with his affectionate feeling. *Requiescat in pace.*

THE SERBIAN QUESTION.

It is little less than astounding to hear the Prime Minister of Great Britain talk of the Servian question as one which relates to a "distant" province, and not involving considerations of a pressing nature. It is impossible that he can have been a politician and a public man so many years, and that he should continue to be blind to the constant, settled, and never relaxing policy of Russia with regard to Turkey; nor, if he is not so blind, can he be ignorant how directly the demand of Russia in regard to the installation of a Prince of Servia strikes at the independent sovereignty of the Porte. There must be something either besotted or hollow in a public minister who can so coolly remark on the destinies of a country which is an "ancient ally" of Great Britain, of a country too whose fall, or even whose depression, would seriously affect the commerce which is the source of British superiority.

The demand of Russia is as insolent as it is unjust. She has neither moral nor political right to interfere in the internal affairs of a neighbouring sovereignty, even if the people of a district within that sovereignty had asked—which they have not—for such interference by way of protection. Nothing can be more fair, nothing can be more tranquillising on the part of Turkey than the act which has brought about the uncalled-for interposition of Russia. The people of Servia revolted against their governor who had rendered himself obnoxious to their settled dislike; the Porte deemed the complaints of the people reasonable and deposed the governor; the people desired that another governor in particular, who had their confidence, should be set over them; the Porte confirmed their choice by appointing him. And what has Russia to do with all this? Truly nothing; but the opportunity was good for obtruding Russian authority, for trying Turkish firmness, and for keeping their ultimate purpose alive of crushing Ottoman independence, and it was made available accordingly.

Now what has Sir Robert Peel to say to this? Anything in favour of the Russian claim? No, but that the affair is not exceedingly urgent, because the

country is a distant province. Distant as regards statute miles perhaps, but by no means so as regards consequences to England arising from the possible change of sovereignty which might grow out of the dispute. It is notorious that the most interesting public topic of the day is the Tariff, and that the principles of Free Trade are gaining ground throughout all the commercial nations of Southern Europe; but how would these comport with the Tariff so cherished by Russia? Now all the valuable products of the northern and northwestern parts of the Ottoman empire can be brought at comparatively small expense to southern ports and can be transmitted on liberal terms commercially to the nations requiring them; but let Russia have sway in the appointment of the authorities in any of those provinces, the possession of the provinces would soon follow; and then she would have a monopoly of many an article of which she now only participates in the production, and what would then be the result? We just mention this as one consequence of this movement; the main one continues, as before, to affect the very integrity of Turkey, and consequently the power of Russia throughout the world. It is in the egg that either the serpent or the crocodile is to be crushed, not when the animal is coming to, or has arrived, at its full size and strength.

We subjoin the following passage in the debate on this subject which took place in the House of Commons.

House of Commons, April 24.

Mr. DISRAELI said he wished to put a question to the Right Hon. Baronet (Sir R. Peel), in reference to the state of affairs as respected Servia. By the treaty of 1840, the principal powers, among whom were England and Russia, stipulated to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire; but, according to information he had received, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg insisted on interference in the administration of one of the provinces of the Turkish empire, contrary to the wish, and in direct opposition to the policy of the Sultan. The question he had to ask was, whether the Government considered such conduct on the part of Russia to be in unison with the stipulation of the treaty of July, 1840, and whether, if the Cabinet of St. Petersburg persisted in the conduct he had adverted to, it was the intention of the Government to uphold the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire and the sovereignty of the Sultan?

Sir R. PEEL said he had hardly expected so general a question would have been asked on this subject by the Hon. Member. He would state the subject of controversy between Russia and the Porte, observing that the discussion was still going on. He need scarcely say that the object of the Government in connexion with Servia was not a very immediate and direct one; but they were very desirous to use any influence they could exercise for the purpose of preventing collision and giving advice in unison with the interests and dignity of the Porte. The question between the Porte and Russia was this:—There were three treaties between them with respect to the administration of affairs in the East. The most important was the treaty of Adrianople. The Porte issued, in 1829, a *hatti-scheriff*, founded on that treaty, and the following was an extract from the *hatti-scheriff*:—"We, therefore, in fulfilment of the said eighth article of the treaty of Bucharest, as well as of the contents of the before-mentioned separate agreement, have given our imperial permission to the said Servian deputies to represent to us the wishes and claims of their nation, and we have likewise decreed and given leave to these deputies, that the Servians might freely exercise in their country their mode of worship and follow their own religion: that they might elect their own chiefs from amongst themselves." This *hatti-scheriff* gave rise to a discussion, and in August, 1842, the then ruler of Servia was deposed in consequence of an insurrection, and the present governor was appointed in his place. It was urged by Russia that the deposition had taken place by military force, and the election of the new governor was not according to the form and mode prescribed by the treaty of Adrianople. This led to a controversy between Russia and the Porte, and the question was still pending. Whatever influence the Government might use would, he repeated, be exercised to prevent any terms being exacted from Turkey injurious to its integrity and independence.

In the House of Commons on the 25th ult., a very important debate took place on the motion of Mr. Ricardo, who moved an address which in substance amounted to the following;—that England ought not to postpone the remission of her import duties with a view to negotiations for reciprocity. That the principles of Free Trade are fast gaining ground was evident throughout the debate, for there was not one speaker who took up the converse of them; and it was somewhat remarkable that among those who opposed the motion was one, Mr. Gladstone, who did not dissent altogether, but objected that the speech allowed "nothing for existing interests, nothing for pending negotiations, and nothing for the circumstances of the revenue." Now these are points which, though hanging as clogs upon the abstract principle of Free trade, cannot be permitted to pass altogether without regard. As for negotiations England has been unfortunate in two, those of Portugal and Brazil, and should she, in the very face of her disappointment there, make concessions to those who have stood out, it would doubtless be an encouragement to others to stand out also, and thus the concessions would be all on one side. But those who argue on the side of Mr. Ricardo say that remissions have been already contemplated and we have only the desire that they should no longer be postponed, merely for the sake of negotiation; for these cannot affect the revenue, seeing that they were already anticipated.

Among the speakers in the debate was Lord Howick, who was one of the advocates of the motion; and right sorry were we to perceive the indifference with which he commented on the introduction of the smuggling practices which might result from this remission of duties without reciprocity. It is true the smuggling would be carried on elsewhere than in England, in such a case; but the smugglers would be English, and we have ever been of opinion that there are no practices so demoralising to those who follow them as those of contraband traders. Do much for commerce, but still do not overlook the general morals of the community and the character of the nation.

Free trade, according to the acceptance of the many, is a trade altogether without imposts and restrictions. This, in the existing state of society is next to impossible. Every commercial nation has something peculiar to itself, which it is desirable to protect at home and sell abroad, and these national or personal

considerations will bring about legislative proceedings; others are thereby compelled to adopt similar measures; and hence gradually they have risen till the principle has sometimes been destructive instead of preservative. Nevertheless when a wiser mode of management is resolved on, it is better to reform prudently, and step by step, than to throw down a house in the hope that we can build a better. The doctrines of Free trade, those namely of freedom from unnecessary restrictions, are rapidly advancing, but it would be weak in any nation to go too far in advance; for cupidity is ever on the alert to avail itself of mistaken liberality; and with all the wish of a great nation to make concessions she has nevertheless the right to negotiate for a *quid pro quo*.

There was a time, and that not long ago, when we were strongly impressed with the notion that his Majesty of Prussia was inclined, first to prepare his people to receive, and then to give them, a constitutional government. The meeting of Deputies, which he brought together, although not resulting in much immediately, seemed to us an earnest that free discussions were about to be permitted, and that the King of Prussia was about to prove himself a great King, by allowing the truth to be spoken without any restraints except those of courtesy and decency. Loving rational freedom as we certainly do, we rejoiced at such a sign of an enlightened age, and, somewhat prematurely perhaps we gave vent to our satisfaction. But more recent events have given a shock to our expectations; the banishment of a periodical writer with whom he had condescended to confer, was a proceeding unworthy of one who aspired to be the political benefactor of his country, and now the intimations from the Prussian Government to the British Press, that their present tone will cause them to be denounced and their entrance into Prussia prevented, shew that it is much easier to design than to carry out prudent and patriotic determinations.

The great Peter of Russia knew himself better; he was conscious of the infirmities of his temper, and of the temptations to which his power exposed him; and before he attempted to improve his country he set about the improvement of himself. He was right; reform and charity, should equally begin at home, and they should, equally, be extended as far as possible when once they can be extended for good. His Prussian Majesty has intended well, doubtless; there are too many instances of wisdom and true patriotism extant in his public career to leave that a matter of question; but he has over-estimated his own moral strength, and the collision of opinion has upset his temper. Let him gather himself up, learn to bear the remarks of those who, having nothing to fear from his resentment, have also nothing to hope from his favour; and who, being earnest lookers-on at this moving world, will be inclined and able to give him good advice. The King of Prussia may, and probably will, yet be a great public benefactor.

The Steamer *Great Western* has already about 70 passengers engaged. She leaves us on Thursday next.

We regret to perceive, by the Canada journals, that the state of health of his Excellency Sir Charles Bagot is exceedingly precarious. The bulletins indicate that he suffers greatly.

We regret to say that the last advices from Kingston announce that Sir Charles Bagot's death was hourly expected. The favourable symptoms which at one time, it was said, offered themselves, are now known to have been delusive, and all hope of arresting the progress of the disease has been long since given over.

Montreal Courier, April 15.

We would call attention to the article "on colour," which is commenced in our columns to-day; it is from the lectures of Professor Howard of the Royal Academy, on Painting, and merits well the regard of both artists and those who wish to become cognoscenti in art. The professor goes deeply into detail, and will enable many a one to know both the reason why he is pleased with a good picture, and wherein consist the deficiencies of a bad one. He takes up the subject of colour distinctly as a study, and apart from the considerations of Design and Chiaroscuro, and thus prevents the mind from being distracted by too many points combined.

The Discovery, or the Invention—for as yet we know not whether it is the adventitious juncture of qualities, producing a previously unknown effect, or the scientific combination of known qualities producing an expected result—of the Marine Glue, of which we have given some account to-day, will be hailed by the world of mechanics as one of very high importance, and confidence will be placed upon the properties ascribed to it, from the experiments made, under proper inspection and authority, to test its claims. In marine architecture especially it will be invaluable, and of immediate application. However it may have originated, Mr. Jeffrey's fortune may be said to be secured thereby.

ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB. NEW YORK.—The humid weather, and the lateness of Spring, have somewhat retarded the proceedings of this Society; but they are at length in full operation, the ground is in high order, and the members in high spirits. The FIRST MATCH of the season will be played on Wednesday next, the 24th inst., upon the Society's ground; the wickets to be pitched at half-past nine o'clock A.M., and play to commence at 10 o'clock precisely. From steady practice, and from successful contests, the members consider themselves to stand high among the Clubs of this noble, manly, and peculiarly English game; and, "like grey-hounds in the slip," they are ready to spring forward to accept the friendly challenge of any brother amateurs of the sport.

The SECOND MATCH of the season will, in all probability, take place one fortnight after the first; and we believe it is in contemplation to play a set match, on their own ground, every fortnight during the season should the weather permit, or unless they should be called away to play a challenge elsewhere.

By the ancient laws of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house; the crime was, in consequence, extremely rare.

St. JOHN, May 9.

THE BOUNDARY SURVEY.—Three of the gentlemen connected with the Boundary Survey arrived here in the North America, from Boston. Their names are Capt. Broughton, Capt. Robinson, and Lieut. Pison, all of the royal Engineers; they came from England to Boston by the Steamer *Hibernia*. Mr. J. D. Featherstonhaugh, who has been for the last two years employed in surveying on the Disputed Territory with Capt. Broughton, has been here for the last fortnight. Lieut.-Col. Escourt, the commissioner, has been at Bangor, according to the terms of the Treaty, and will be here with the next steamer from Eastport.

The surveying party expect to commence their labours in the forest about the beginning of June, and if the American Commissioner, Mr. Albert Smith, accedes to the arrangements proposed by Lieutenant-Colonel Escourt, a great number of men will be employed, who, by being divided into parties at different points, will expedite the progress of the work—which, however, under the most favourable circumstances, is expected to continue two years.

New Brunswick.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—On Saturday evening last we witnessed Shakspeare's celebrated play of "Much ado about nothing" at this house, with the very tempting cast of Mrs. Brougham as *Beatrice*, and Mr. G. Vandenhoff as *Benedict*. Shall we confess that we were disappointed? Not that these two artists were not competent to the characters assumed by them; but that their competency was but too obvious. Whether they were mutually desirous of carrying the town by storm, or whether they were vying with each other for pre-eminence in the interest of the performance is not for us to guess; but certainly they began with the first word of each part and ended but with the fall of the curtain, in labouring earnestly, but too remarkably, in their vocation. They both succeeded so far as to convince the audience that they well understood the spirit of their several parts, that their readings were correct, and that they are both actors of great merit and greater promise; but their labours were much too perceptible and their points were broken. How is it that members of the theatrical profession will continually overlook the oft-repeated remark that the greatest charm of dramatic art, is to hide the art which imparts the charm? True, that very skill is the highest and most difficult art in the duties of the stage, and hence it is easier to talk about it than to practise it; nevertheless it ought always to be kept in view, as a salutary restraint upon over-acting. We were greatly struck with the professional improvement of Miss Buloid, who played *Hero* with much grace, feeling, and propriety. Her action is much better than hitherto, her utterance less rapid, and her acquaintance with stage business enlarged. She is apparently studying the minute points of her arduous profession advantageously, and is certainly an important member of the establishment. And what shall we say of *Placide* as *Dogberry*. It is the perfection of humour; and the quiet contemptuous smile with which he regards his neighbour *Verges* when the latter attempts to speak to *Leonato*, is the very acme of complacent belief in one's own superiority of intellect. In the course of the play there was much unpardonable mispronunciation, and there were many ridiculous verbal mistakes; with regard to the former fault it should be remembered that the stage is considered to be one of the models of the vernacular, and that it greatly behooves actors to study correctness therein; with respect to the latter, it argues a culpable carelessness in the delivery of the dialogue, and fairly comes under critical censure. We purpose to particularise these, in future, when they fall under our notice.

We are sincerely glad to report that the benefit of Mr. *Placide* on Monday night was a bumper. It was a tribute due at once to the talents of the artist and the merits of the man, and the audience that so honoured him, did not less honour to their own feelings.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The Melodrama of *Henri Quatre* improves upon acquaintance, for it gives glimpses of character peculiar to those remarkable personages who are there represented. Mr. Hamblin very ably personates the King, in his romantic heroism and in submission to his able minister *Sully*, the latter being very well represented by J. M. Scott. The part of the abrupt but good-hearted soldier *Monstache* is capably sustained by Mr. J. R. Scott, and the sentimentalities are ably kept up by Mr. J. Wallack as *De Biron*, and Mr. Clarke as *St. Leon*. The incidents are interesting without being ultra-wrought, and the whole piece possesses a charm which ought to ensure it a long and prosperous run.

As for the afterpiece which seems to be a favourite here, namely "Sixteen String Jack," it partakes too much of that vicious school of which "Rookwood" and "Jack Sheppard" are parts. There is too much morbid feeling for rascally heroes, and thereby a blow is struck at both the morals and the safety of society. Would that there were an end of these!

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.—They are proceeding here with the benefits, probably with a view to a few weeks' recess; and this indeed they certainly require for never did a company work so hard or so successfully for public gratification, as those which make up this establishment; and the remark applies from the Proprietor down to the Call-Boy. On Tuesday, Mr. *Bengough's* benefit took place, and it was literally a bumper. The artist had no more than his deserts, for the Olympic is not a little indebted to his tasteful genius for the scenic effects which are the boast of this theatre.

FRENCH COMPANY AT NIBLO'S.—Expectation is highly raised respecting this Operatic and Vaudeville company, whose performances are said by those who have visited the South to be of a very high character; they were to have commenced this week. That we may neglect nothing to render our journal as interesting as possible, we have secured, at a considerable expense, the services of a French gentleman, who has given in Paris good proofs of his abilities as a *Feuilletoniste*, and who will contribute to us, every week, an account of all the doings of this Theatre.

Concerts.

Mrs. Sutton's Farewell Concert.—Mrs. Sutton is on the eve of departure, as we are informed, for Italy. On Wednesday evening she took her farewell benefit at the Tabernacle, and was assisted by *Mr. Bley*, the celebrated violinist, *M. Boucher* (violin), *Mr. Scharfenberg* (pianoforte), *Mr. Timm* (presiding at the piano), *Sig. Martini* (vocal baritone), and *Mr. Brown* (vocal tenor). There was another name also in the bill, but the person named instead of assisted at the concert, so we will postpone him for a few minutes. We never heard *Mrs. Sutton* in finer voice, her clear and bell-like notes rang upon the ear, and she was loudly encored; but with good taste she only returned and made her acknowledgments without repeating her performances. We like this; there is an independence in it which rebukes the thoughtless vociferations of those who appear to forget the labours of the artist, and the care which is necessary in the management and use of so delicate an organ as the human voice. The "Mayseder" trio, by *Messrs. Bley, Boucher, and Scharfenberg*, was a perfect gem of composition, and was given in a style superior to any thing we have heard in America; but it was somewhat out of place, the piano predominating over the delicate touches of the violin and the violoncello; it would have been much more effective in a room. The general performance of *Mr. Bley* was quite confirmatory of the opinion which his former efforts had produced. He is a master in the severe school of the violin. *Mr. Brown* sang an English ballad with florid accompaniment, in very pretty style, and it was honoured with an encore.

Let us now speak of the conduct of *Mr. Aupick*, concerning whom we cannot, in justly reporting, longer remain silent. This person is at all times practically an insulter of his auditory by his contemptuous and contemptible airs. On Thursday evening when he came forward there were a couple of music stands near him, considering them in his way he took them up, one after the other, and threw them unceremoniously behind him, to the disturbance of the house, and to the danger of breaking them. The audience, although indignant, reserved their indignation. The man played indifferently, and did not receive the applause he probably expected; on retiring he heard a hiss or two, upon which he turned deliberately round, and hissed at the whole house! We make no further comment!

SIG. NAGEL'S FINAL CONCERT.—This took place on Tuesday evening last, at Niblo's Operatic Theatre; it was done in connection with *M. Nourrit*, a tenor singer of whom much has been said in this country; and was farther assisted by *Mrs. Loder*, *Signor Paggi*, and *Mr. Timm*. Concerning the performance of *Signor Nagel*, it was characterised, as it always is, by the exceeding neatness, truth, grace, and quietude of its style; no interval was so great that he did not at once stop with precision; he never has to feel and adjust the place of his finger, nor does he ever utter a harsh tone; his bow hand is as delicate as his fingering hand is firm and nervous, and the general effect is similar to that with which we view a beautiful and finely wrought piece of *bijouterie*. It is quite a mistake to say that he astonishes "by wonderful performances," for there is an air of simplicity mixed with the most touching sweetness in what he does. It is true that he plays on four, three, two, and one strings, but this is rather to exhibit what is frequently talked of, than to exhibit his own skill, although the last is tolerably visible when by the aid of harmonics he can ascend so high on the scale, even on the fourth string. *M. Nourrit*, who, by the bye, is the brother of the celebrated tenor of that name, has a good voice, and nothing else; he stands on one foot and on the toes of the other alternately and somewhat awkwardly, thus tormenting both the eyes and the ears. We overheard a remark by a gentleman near us which seemed peculiarly appropriate to the vocalism of the evening, and was to the following effect:—that *Mrs. Loder*, with no voice sang delightfully, and that *M. Nourrit* with an excellent voice could not sing tolerably. As critical reporters we may not omit to remark that in the duet from "Lucia de Lammermoor," by these two, when they ought to sing unisons, the lady was considerably below pitch, and the effect was spoiled. *Signor Paggi* played a concerto on a subject from "Il Pirata," on the Oboe in magnificent style, and was most vociferously applauded. The house was a perfect jam.

PHILADELPHIA. CONCERTS A LA MUSARD.—Our Philadelphia Correspondent writes in terms of the highest admiration respecting these Concerts, and thinks they are likely to be exceedingly attractive. The following is from his latest communication. "The Theatre has been most magnificently decorated and put into the form of a Saloon and Garden united. In the middle is a splendid orchestra, a fountain is in the midst of the Garden, in which latter are also numerous Vases, Statues, and rare flowers, and all are illuminated by transparent lamps with devices. I can assure you that I was altogether surprised to see all so well arranged and with so much taste. The Orchestra and the professors who compose it are of the first order; the leader is *Mr. Blessner*, and they have given in admirable style the overtures to "Fra Diavolo," "La Gazza Ladrà," "Massaniello," &c., and Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Galops, in excellent spirit. After the Overture, on Saturday evening, *Miss Maywood* came forward and delivered an introductory address, beautifully written by *Mr. McMakin*, Editor of the Philadelphia "Courier," and all things went off in an excellent and satisfactory manner. Your friend *DeBegniss* was received and applauded with acclamation. He sang two songs, viz., "Largo al factotum," with orchestral accompaniment, and "Gia la Luna" (a Tarantella) accompanied on the Pianoforte by *Mr. Watson*. All the fashionable world of Philadelphia and its vicinity were at the concert, and it bids fair to be a very popular entertainment here. An attempt has been made at the Olympic theatre of this city to get up an opposition to this at the Chestnut, but it would be a very difficult matter to rival the elegance or the orchestra here."

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We have already had occasion to remark how

greatly this excellent society has given an impulse to taste, and to the progress of music in this city; it is with pleasure, therefore, that we perceive the active measures which are now in course of progress to establish the institution upon yet stronger bases. It is not our business to particularise the details of proceedings on the part of the committee of direction: but shall content ourselves by informing our readers and all the lovers of good music, that at the meeting of Saturday last, the Philharmonic Society made an entire revision of its regulations, and that several new measures were adopted, of which the following are the most important to the public:—

There will be given during the next season four concerts instead of three. The subscribers will continue to pay, as hitherto, ten dollars, but as they will have one concert more than they had during the past season, they will only receive three tickets for each.

Besides the *societary* members, who must be practical artists, it has been decided to receive thirty *associate* members, who will have the right to be present at the rehearsals of concerts, and whose subscriptions shall be five dollars per annum.

It will be seen that these new resolutions will tend essentially to augment the popularity and the influence of the society, which we shall not cease to praise and encourage to the best of our poor ability, so long as it shall pursue so good a course as is here manifested. It is generally understood that the first concert of the ensuing season will take place in October next.

Miscellaneous Entertainments.

MODEL OF PARIS.—In one of the Rooms of the American Museum is a Model of Paris, of about 2½ feet to the mile in length, which is both curious in itself and must be highly interesting to all who know anything about that city. The proportionate levels and elevations of the surface have been accurately taken; the positions, dimensions, forms of the public buildings, and places of resort are carefully given; the streets, lanes, turns of the river, &c. &c. All is in just proportion, and any one who has lived in Paris may, without difficulty, point out on this model the very house in which he has resided. An intelligent gentleman is in attendance here to give required explanations; and on the whole this exhibition is well worth seeing.

ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION, AT BROADWAY, CORNER OF 13TH STREET.—Here is a magnificent collection of animals, consisting of four full-sized elephants, a lion, lionesses, tigers, leopards, Panthers, Lynxes, &c. &c., under the charge of *Herr Driesbach*, who has attained to a degree of authority over the brute creation which is altogether astonishing. We have ever been warm advocates of exhibitions such as these, particularly when there are attendants able and willing to give rational answers to inquiries. No mere descriptions in natural history can convey that vivid notion of the animals described, that a view of the animals in action can effect; nor can anything carry an observer "from nature up to nature's God" more readily than the contemplation of the animal kingdom. The exhibition is very thronged, and it deserves to be so.

Literary Notices.

THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, VOL. XXV.—This deservedly popular work has reached the completion of probably the last volume but one, and to the word "Union." It is fair to believe, therefore, that, in the course of another month or so, it will be completed altogether by the English publishers. It is impossible to overrate the value of this treasury of knowledge, which, in the course of six-and-twenty volumes, and at a cost little more than nominal, takes the whole circle of the sciences, arts, biography, philology, &c., presents them in a popular form, and illustrates them with wood-cuts of very superior workmanship. But why speak of its value here? Its extraordinary circulation has caused it to speak of itself. It is for sale by *E. Baldwin*, 155 Broadway, sole Agent to the London Publishers.

THE HOME, OR FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY COMFORTS.—This is a new novel by *Frederika Bremer*, and it is translated by *Mary Howitt*. It is published by the Proprietors of the New World in an extra, at a cheap rate and in neat style.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—The reprint by the Harpers of this splendid specimen of historical literature has reached its ninth part, being advanced more than half to its completion. The name of *Alison* will henceforth be worthily classed with those of the most celebrated historians in the world, and it is but justice to add that *Messrs. Harpers* are putting the work into a shape and appearance that do honour to the writer, credit to the publishers, and service to the world.

BRANDE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART.—The Harpers publish this excellent work also. The fifth part is out, and, like that of *Alison* just mentioned, it is at once elegant and astonishingly cheap. This work will be completed in 12 numbers.

MR. MASON'S REPRINTS.—We cannot too greatly express our admiration at the despatch, neatness, and fidelity with which *Mr. Mason* gets out his reprints of the Blackwood, Dublin University, and Christian Observer Magazines, and of the four excellent quarterly Reviews. Already, so early in the present month, he has produced the May numbers of the Dublin University and Blackwood, in the usual correct style. Whilst giving our cordial recommendation of these works generally, we would specially refer to the valuable reprint of the Christian Observer, a periodical which ought to be found in every family, and which is also at a price so low as to come within the means of the humblest class of society.

American Summary.

CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

The following interesting information is contained in a letter from the Cincinnati correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot:—

"*Mons. Ellet*, the distinguished engineer of the proposed canal across the Isthmus of Darien, connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific ocean, is now in this city, where he has for some time been confined by severe illness. *Mons. E.* informs me that he has agreed to complete the canal within five years after reaching the ground; to do this in the time proposed by him, the labour of four or five thousand men will be necessary, not one of whom is to be an American; all are to be brought from Germany and Ireland, the American being regarded as too independent to submit to the French and English manner of ruling the com-

mon labourer. The extensive London house of Baring & Brothers are represented to be the heaviest stockholders in this scheme—a scheme long kept secret until these gentlemen agreed to furnish the funds for making the great McAdamized road running from the city of Panama to the bay of Chorrera, according to the company's contract with the Republics of New Grenada. This road is about fifty miles in length, passing through a fine coal region—was commenced in 1837, and finished five months since. The canal from bank to bank will be one hundred and twenty-eight feet; at the bottom sixty-seven feet in width; the whole length will be forty-eight and a half miles, and it will have four locks. New Grenada has given to the company eighty-six thousand acres of land along the canal's line—in addition to which four hundred thousand acres more can be taken by them from any other part of the country, unless previously appropriated by Government; however, the present settlers along the canal are to be paid at the rate of one dollar per *fanegude* (a little over an acre) for the land they may own, and the company happens to pitch upon.

"The extract from a London paper, now going the rounds of the United States press, estimating the cost and probable profits of this great work, and also the advantages, particularly to vessels of America and Europe trading to the west coast of America, Australasia, Oceania, and Eastern Asia, is represented by Mons. E. as being substantially correct, especially as saving much time and avoiding the dangerous passage by way of Cape Horn. It may be interesting to the mercantile community to learn that, instead of sixteen, the company have finally decided upon charging but eight francs per ton on merchandise passing through the canal."

LAND HO!—The great cotton manufactories of Lowell and other parts of New England have sold out their heavy stocks, slick and clean, and are now working on contracts. A gentleman who was in Boston on Tuesday, was unable to buy a bale of sheeting of the make of either of several factories whose goods have heretofore been lying piled up. The goods have recently paid well wherever they have been shipped, exciting a demand that has swept the market. A comparison of the cash price of the lower grades of cotton cloths at Boston and at Manchester, proves that prices are now from ten to twenty per cent cheaper on this side than on the other; so that the Bostonians have actually made shipments to Liverpool, with orders to pay the duty, which is but ten per cent, and forward the goods to Manchester for sale. *Journal of Commerce.*

MISSION TO CHINA.—We learn from the Army and Navy Chronicle, that the Hon. Caleb Cushing, Fletcher Webster, and John Tyler, Jr., Esqrs., will go out in the frigate *Brandywine*, ordered to sail from Norfolk, for the East Indies, positively by the 20th inst., or will join her at Singapore.

Commodore Daniel Turner, appointed to the command of the squadron on the coast of Brazil, will take passage in the *St. Louis*, which accompanies the *Brandywine*, both vessels being under the command of Commodore Parker.

It is reported that the steamer *Missouri*, now at the Washington Navy Yard, will join the East India squadron.

SANTA FE TRADERS.—The Army and Navy Chronicle states, that the permission asked of the Mexican Minister at Washington, to authorize the escort of U. S. dragoons, detailed by Col. Kearney for the protection of the expedition, to accompany the traders through the Mexican territory to Santa Fe, has been refused; and that instructions have been issued, prohibiting the United States troops, under any circumstances, from crossing the boundary line into Mexico.

NEW BRITISH CONSUL.—We are happy to understand that our esteemed townsman, Mr. Mure, Esq., has received the appointment of British Consul for this port. Mr. M. is well known in our commercial circles as an enterprising merchant, and a gentleman of talent and sterling integrity.

N. O. Commercial Bulletin, May 6.

SMUGGLING ON THE CANADA FRONTIER.—A seizure to a large amount has been made by the vigilance of Col. Brooks, the Collector of Detroit, consisting of dry goods of all descriptions, valued at several hundred dollars. The smuggled articles were brought over to that city from Canada, and there packed in boxes, the more easily to escape observation and detection. It is said that the individuals engaged in the transaction have been held to bail to stand trial at the next term of the U. S. Court for the district of Detroit.

J. FENNIMORE COOPER vs. J. WATSON WEBB.—A second trial of the indictment, found by the grand jury of Otsego county, at the instigation of J. Fennimore Cooper against J. Watson Webb, came off at Fonda, Montgomery county, on Tuesday and Wednesday last. The jury stood seven for acquittal and five for conviction, and not being able to agree, were discharged.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—The obelisk having been completed, the workmen are now busily engaged in arranging the grounds in its vicinity—and will probably complete the arrangements before the 17th of June. Preparations are now making for a great celebration at that time. We learn from a programme of the directors, that on that day the directors and members of the Association, with such societies, military corps, and individuals as may choose to unite with them, will form a procession on the common, in Boston, and proceed to the area on the northeasterly side of the Monument in Charlestown. An address will there be delivered by the Hon. Daniel Webster. The President of the United States, the Heads of the Executive Departments, the Ex-Presidents of the United States, and the Governors of the several States, have been invited to join in the celebration. Members of the Council and Legislature of Massachusetts, Senators and Representatives in Congress, State and United States officers, the City and Municipal officers of Boston and Charlestown, members of Scientific, Literary, Charitable and Mechanic Associations, with their banners and badges; and military corps are also invited to honour the occasion with their presence. Major General Samuel Chandler, of Lexington, is appointed Chief Marshal, to whom or to Geo. Washington Warren, of Charlestown, Secretary of the Committee, Associations, Military Companies, and others, desirous of uniting in the celebration, are requested to give information. It is stated in the Advertiser that the actual cost of the obelisk, exclusive of that of the land, &c., has been \$101,688.

IRON BOATS AND ERICSSON PROPELLERS.—New and wider spheres of enterprise open upon us every year; and none has been more marked in this respect than the present year. We found yesterday at one of the lower piers in South street, the iron boat Pilot, with Ericsson propellers (belonging to Mr. Asa Worthington, of the Hope Mills in Front street,) loading for St. John, at the farther end of lake Champlain. She is the first boat which has done this. Freight she has offered much more than she can carry. At Coentie's Slip lay a large schooner with Ericsson propellers loading for Hartford, Ct. Iron boats now load at Philadelphia with coal, and proceed to Troy or to any other point where their cargoes are wanted, and then load again with salt or whatever else is offered in return. The effort to avoid transshipment is constantly succeeding more and more, and boats are being built which can pass through all varieties of navigation. To work cheaper and to work faster is the thing to which every one aims. *Journal of Commerce.*

A VALUABLE CHAIR.—The Newport Herald states that the identical chair in which Gov. Benedict Arnold sat, one hundred and eighty years ago, and received and displayed the Charter of 1663, in presence of all the freemen of the Colony—was introduced into the Senate Chamber on Tuesday, and filled by Gov. King.

WITTY RETORT.—The minister of the town of Abby, [Ashby?] Massachusetts, by a strange concatenation of events, became somewhat unpopular among his people; and they, to show their *spunk*, at a March meeting elected him *hog ree*. The gentleman elect happening to be present, rose and addressed the moderator thus: "Sir, I was chosen some years ago as pastor of this flock, but as my flock have turned to swine, I think this change of office exceedingly appropriate. I will endeavour to serve according to the best of my abilities."

DR. LARDNER.—Lecturing on Astronomy, Meteorology, Steam, Comets, and History, at Natchez. He has great houses.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—We learn from the Army and Navy Chronicle, that advices have been received from the Sandwich Islands as late as the 8th of March. On the 25th of February, in consequence of demands made by the British officers, which the King could not, or would not comply with, the islands were conditionally ceded to Queen Victoria. Possession was taken of them the same day, by Lord Geo. Paulet, commanding H. B. M. ship *Caryfort*, and the British flag hoisted under salutes from the fort and ships.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.—A curious fact appears in the "Occident," translated for that work from a French publication: "The widowed mother of the wealthy bankers, Rothschilds, while her sons inhabit palaces in London, Paris, Vienna, Naples, and Frankfurt, still resides in the small house in the Jewish quarter of Frankfurt (on the Main) in which her husband lived and died. Upon his death she declared that she 'would only leave for the tomb the modest dwelling that had served to cradle this name, this fortune, and these children.' The house is so remarkable for neatness, that it forces the attention of the stranger. It unfolds a trait of the Hebrews as old as the affection and respect of the wives of the Patriarchs for their lords."

Dr. Mallory of Virginia, will, it is rumored, be appointed by Mr. Tyler to the office vacated by the deceased Com. Porter, at Constantinople.—*Norfolk Her.*

LAND SALES IN THE WEST.—The government sales of land which has just taken place in Iowa Territory, have not resulted very profitably to the Treasury. In the Fairfield district, where by far the best business was done, but 40,000 acres were disposed of, out of 392,000 acres offered. In the Dubuque district, of 725,000 acres offered, but 24,000 were disposed of.

TREASURY NOTE ROBBERS.—The three men, Breadlove, Jewell, and Reines, who were apprehended at Washington, on information received from New Orleans that they were the persons supposed to have stolen the Treasury notes that were missing, have been delivered up to the Louisiana authorities.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.—The following list comprises the names of the gentlemen who left St. Louis on the 2d inst. in the steamboat *Weston*, for the "Far West":—Sir Wm. Drummond Stewart; Mons. P. Pietierre, Artist, Paris; Prof. Merfche, Botanist, Baltimore, Md.; Messrs. N. and R. Hermann, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. S. Tilghman, Surgeon, Baltimore, Md.; Lieut. Smith, U. S. Army; Lieut. Graham, U. S. Army; Mr. Field, New Orleans Picayune; Mr. Sublette, Captain of Camp, St. Louis; Prof. Baitelle, Mineralogist, London.

APARTMENTS AND BOARD.—Very superior accommodation with entire or partial board, in one of the finest situations in New York, may be obtained by addressing a note to X, Box No. 189, which will be immediately attended to. The house is not a boarding-house. *May 13-31.*

THE NEW YORK LEGAL OBSERVER is published every Saturday, at No. 42 Ann Street, New York, and contains Reports of Cases decided in the Circuit and District Courts, Sittings in Admiralty, both civil and criminal, the Assistant Vice Chancellor's Court—the Superior Court, and the Court of Common Pleas. Also, all the recent decisions of importance in the English Courts—Practical Points—Remarkable Trials—Sketches of the Bench and Bar—Legal Appointments—Obituary—Miscellaneous, &c. &c. The terms are one shilling a copy or \$5 per annum, in advance.

SAMUEL OWEN, Editor and Proprietor. Volume I. of this work is published, handsomely bound, price \$3. This volume contains all the important cases in Bankruptcy. *May 13.*

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Joseph Mason, Publisher, New York; Otis, Broaders & Co., and W. H. S. Jordan, Boston; W. C. Little, Albany; J. R. Pollock, Philadelphia; N. Hickman, Baltimore; W. H. Berrett, Charleston; W. T. Williams, Savannah; Joseph Gill, Richmond; John Nimmo, General Agent for Canada. *April 29.*

TYPE AT REDUCED PRICES.—GEORGE BRUCE & CO., Type foundry, at No. 13 Chambers-street, near the Post Office, New York, have on hand an unusually large stock of their well-known Printing Types, Ornaments, Borders, Rules, &c., of the best metals, cast in original matrices, and very accurately finished, all of which they have determined to sell at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Placing the Book and Newspaper fonts as follows:—

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Printers of Newspapers who publish this advertisement with this note three times before the 1st of June, 1843, and send one of the papers to the foundry, will be entitled payment of their bill on buying four times the amount of it. *April 29-31.*

TO THE PUBLIC; OUR PLATES.

We take pleasure in informing our Readers that we have, in almost a finished state, a superb Aqua-tinta engraving of His Majesty

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH,

which we purpose publishing in a very few weeks. The portrait is acknowledged by good judges to be a capital likeness, and the engraving is in the hands of a highly approved artist. The size of the Plate will just allow the copy to form an embellishment to the first volume of *THE ANGLO AMERICAN*, but it will be given upon paper large enough to make a magnificent engraving for framing.

We are also happy to announce that a magnificent full-length

PORTRAIT OF THE IMMORTAL WASHINGTON,

has been for several weeks in hand and will shortly be completed. The plate represents the illustrious subject as in the attitude of a speaker, and is full of expression. The style of the engraving is a recent and highly effective combination of line, stipple, and mezzotint, which gives uncommon softness and delicacy to the *tout ensemble*, and we fully expect that it will be pronounced a perfect gem of the artist from whose *burin* it will proceed. That so splendid a subject, upon so large a scale (viz., twenty-four inches by sixteen) may be every way worthy of public acceptance, the utmost pains and enquiry have been taken in the selection of an engraver. It will be ready in the course of a very few months.

From the very great expense incurred in producing this splendid engraving—by far the largest and most superb that has ever been issued from a Newspaper office—it is obvious that it can only be presented to such subscribers as shall pay one year's subscription *in advance*.

N.B.—Postmasters in the United States are by law permitted to forward subscriptions for Newspapers, free of expense.

Varieties.

THE AERIAL STEAM-CARRIAGE.—It is understood that the first line to be established is that to India, the carriages leaving the top of the Monument, Fish-street-hill, every morning, and taking five minutes at the summit of the Great Pyramid for refreshments, and to allow the passengers a short time to stretch their legs. From this point balloons will be continually starting for the most important cities of the African Desert. The carriage is then to proceed to India, thus (should the weather be not foggy) affording to the traveller a delightful *coup d'œil* of the most interesting countries of the East. The arrangements are in every respect very complete. Lord Brougham is understood to have accepted the office of patron, being himself of rather a flighty nature. The provisions will be carried easily in the conductor's waistcoat, as by a new invention the essence of three sheep can be concentrated into a small lozenge. The waiting-room for the ladies at the Great Pyramid is of the most commodious kind, the ancient sepulchral chamber of King Cheops being fitted up in the Oriental style for that purpose. Passengers who should wish to be dropped at any of the intermediate towns may be lowered by small hand balloons at the usual cab prices.—N.B. The "Rocket" Aerial Steam-carriage will start on a tour round the Comet, proceeding by easy stages along the Milky Way. Sir J. Herschel has been engaged as conductor, being the only person who knows the exact road. Punch.

A NEW MEMBER!—A Highland catechist, while discoursing lately on the church question, at a prayer meeting in the parish, adduced the following novel feature in the case:—"My friends," said he, "there is now a new member in the house of commons. He was long in the court of sessions; but he has now gone to parliament, and was active that night when Mr. Fox Maule was putting the English in mind of their duty. That member is the devil! and he has a great deal to say with our present rulers!"

INTEREST TABLES.—The table which is best adapted for calculating interest is the dinner table. If you keep a good one, the interest taken by friends will be proportionally large. A haunch of venison secures a very high rate of interest, but the *coupons* from cold viands are generally thought little of, and few people take trouble to come for *dividends*. Punch.

STRIKING A BARGAIN.—Aubrey, in his MS. collections, relates that in several parts of England, when two persons are driving a bargain, one holds out his right hand, and says, "strike me;" and if the other strike, the bargain holds, whence the "striking a bargain." The practice is retained in the mode of saying, "Done," to a wager offered, at the same time striking the hand of the wagerer.

George Robins in announcing the sale of the presentation to a rectory, after descanting on "the annual value of the glebe," the "pleasant lawn, flower beds, and shrubbery walk," winds up the merits of the whole by stating, that "the incumbent is eighty-six."

RATHER OMINOUS.—"Coming events cast their shadows before." We have been visited in England by a comet and several shocks of earthquake, and it is said that the King of Hanover is shortly coming over to this country. Punch.

FLYING MACHINES.—The Aerial Transit Company have taken the Montpellier Gardens, Walworth, and are now engaged in constructing the first machine. While speaking of aerial transit, we may observe that the late Sir Anthony Carlisle invented a flying machine, and tried it from the top of his house in Langham Place; but, lamentable to relate, the machine would only fly downwards, and came to the ground, burying poor Sir Anthony under the novel panoply. A scientific friend who assisted at the exhibition was some time before he could get over the laughable effect of poor Sir Anthony's catastrophe, or relieve him from his sufferings. It would be better, however, to fall from the top of a house than to be crossing the Atlantic in the *Ariel*, and a wing of the seraphic machine breaking, to be plumped in the briny deep. Polytechnic Review.

Recondite Criticism.—In a provincial Useful Knowledge Institute, one reading "methinks" in Shakespeare (*Much Ado about Nothing*), remarked to a com-

panion, "This must be wrong and ungrammatical." "Yes," said the other, "it is evidently a misprint for *I think*."

THE PALM.—So important is the date palm to the Arabs, that they have fancifully invested it with a dignity approaching to that of man, and endowed it with the powers of thought and of language. They fable that the young trees woo each other with the tenderness of human love, and that truly virtuous adepts in the knowledge of the secrets of nature may, with time and study, attain to the knowledge of this language and understand the morals and the wisdom of these vegetable sages. The last of such favoured adepts was the learned Doctor Abraham Gaon, who died about the year 1540. The Mahomedan traditions have handed many marvels concerning the palm; among the rest is one which must have been borrowed from one of the apocryphal gospels of the infancy of Christ. The story is as follows:—When the Virgin Mary was on her way to Jerusalem to be registered, she fainted and grew sick at the foot of a palm, so aged that the crown was dead, and there remained nothing but the bare trunk. She had no sooner sat down at its root, however, than a clear spring of water welled out from beneath the withered palm; the branches shot fresh and vigorous from the blackened stem; the fruit budded, formed, and ripened; the whole graceful plant bowed down towards her, and celestial voices were heard, saying, "Drink, eat, and refresh thine eyes." Thus was the virgin mother comforted, and there did she bear her divine son. Whoever was the author of this fable must have been well acquainted with the Greek story of the flight of Latona to Delos, where she gave birth to Apollo and Diana under a palm, whence that tree was consecrated to Diana. It is said that Theseus first carried the palm to Athens from Delos, when he returned in triumph from his victory over the Minotaur. But the mainland of Greece was never favourable to the palm, though several of the Greek islands were adorned with it. Even in the south of Italy they have always been rare, though they are not scarce in some parts of Sicily. Near Genoa, there is a narrow, warm, sandy valley, full of palms, but they are diminutive in growth and unfruitful; being cultivated only for the sake of the leaves, which are annually sent to the pope's chapel at Rome, when they are blessed, and distributed to the cardinals and other dignitaries, in sign of the triumph of the church. Calcott's Scripture Herbal.

A UTILITARIAN.—"Some twenty years ago," said a buxom dame, showing the antiquities of Dartford Church, "we lived in that old building you see through the windows there. It was in ancient times part of the nunnery." "There are some strange old things in such places," remarked we, inquiringly. "You may say that, sir," replied she; "and when we left, I wouldn't leave them behind me. I pulled down the whole Trojan War, Hector and Andromache, sir, tapestry hangings, all worked by the nuns; beautiful, sir." "Yes—well! have you sold them? Have you them yet? Where are they?" "Bless your heart, sir, they are worn out long ago! I cut them up and made carpets of 'em."

EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR THE DEGREE OF B. A. IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, 1843.—What is the difference between being out on leg-bail, and being out for leg before wicket?—between Magna Charta and Charter of the Lyceum?—between the Bill of Rights and that of your tailor?—Mention what you know of the life and adventures of the famous dog Billy. Did he bear any, and what, relationship to the Dog Bill just kicked out of Parliament?—Trace accurately the steps by which the invention of pickled cucumbers is referred to the reign of King Jeremiah.—Write a short essay upon club feet, club legs, the knave of clubs, and Mr. Joshua Jones Ashley.—Has Mr. Henson, the inventor of the "Aerial," any pretensions to the title of the modern Diddle-us?—Show, if you can, wherein the wit of this question consists; and state the difference between a pun spoken and a pun dit.—The whole is equal to all its parts; how do you apply this rule to the case of a blockhead (Joseph Hume, for instance) who has no parts at all?—Reconcile the expressions, "flat blasphemy," and "swearing roundly." Will squaring the circle assist you in the process?—Compare the *Perseæ* of Æschylus with the Percy Anecdotes, and the Pindar of Thebes with the Pindar of Wakefield.—What and where was Lob's Pound?—Refute the calumny that there is something sheepish in the degree of "B. A." conferred by this University. Consider whether its utter inability to take up a position of any elevation is, or is not, owing to its want of wings. Or whether its sickly state can be in any way laid to the charge of the patients in the hospital opposite. Give a sketch of its history, and present prospects; including in the former speech of Colonel Stanhope; and in the latter, the North London and Grafton-street East. Punch.

PROSPECTUS

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